

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3467.—VOL. CXXVII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1905.

SIXPENCE.

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A LAST TRIBUTE TO THEIR BENEFACITOR: CHILDREN OF DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES BESIDE THE COFFIN DURING THE LYING-IN-STATE IN THE CHAPEL OF THE EDINBURGH CASTLE.

*The Edinburgh Castle, which took the place of a public-house of that name in the East End, was one of the great centres of Dr. Barnardo's work. While the body lay in state there, it was visited by a long procession of poor children whom the late philanthropist had benefited.*



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I cannot imagine why this season of the year is called by journalists the Silly Season: it is the only season in which men have time for wisdom. This can be seen even by glancing at those remarkable documents, the daily papers. As long as Parliament is sitting, the most minute and fugitive things are made to seem important. We have enormous head-lines about the vote on a coastguard's supply of cats'-meat, or a scene in the House over the perquisites of the butler of the Consul at Port Said. Trivialities, in a word, are made to seem tremendous, until the Silly Season, or the season of wisdom, begins. Then, for the first time, we have a moment to think—that moment to think which all peasants have and all barbarians, the moment during which they made up the Iliad and the Book of Job. Few of us have actually done this. But the fact that the Silly Season is really the serious season is very clearly shown in our newspapers, for all that. In the Silly Season we suddenly lose interest in all frivolities. We suddenly drop the drivelling problems of the coastguard and the Consul at Port Said, and we suddenly become interested in controversies of which the contributors may be drivelling enough, but of which the problems are not drivelling at all. We begin to discuss "The Decay of Home Life," or "What is Wrong?" or the authority of the Scriptures, or "Do We Believe?" These really awful and eternal problems are never discussed except in the Silly Season. All the rest of the year we are light and irresponsible; now for a few months we are really severe. While the Whips are clamouring for votes we only ask "Do We Vote?"; when they have for a space left us alone we have time to ask "Do We Believe?" In the ordinary seasons we are always asking "Is this Government a Failure?" It is only in the Silly Season that we have the seriousness to ask "Is Marriage a Failure?" Yes; it is only during this fleeting time that we can really think of the things that are not fleeting. The time of our holidays is the only time in which we can really manage to turn our minds to these grave and everlasting riddles that abide behind every civilisation. The holidays are the only times when we are not carried away by every chance occurrence or staggered by every startling poster in the streets. The holidays are the only time in which we can judge slowly and sincerely like philosophers. The Silly Season is the only time when we are not silly.

This solemn character in holidays is, of course, implied in their very name: the day that is made a holiday is the day that is made holy. And in practice it will generally be found that holidays are opportunities for the emergence of the more serious side of a man. He has been kept during the rest of the year at trifling and passing matters—the writing of articles or the canvassing of soap. Now he rushes away to the things that are most eternal, sports in the simple country, hunting on the great hills. He is a clerk spending all the rest of his time in the newest and most changeable of all things—the suburbs. What does he do for his holiday? He rushes away to the oldest and most unchangeable of all things—the sea.

Of one thing I am quite absolutely convinced, that the very idlest kind of holiday is the very best. By being idle you are mixing with the inmost life of the place where you are; by doing nothing you are doing everything. The local atmosphere finds you unresisting and fills you, while all the others have filled themselves with the stuff of guide-books and the cheerless east wind of culture. Above all, refuse—refuse with passion—to see any places of interest. If you violently decline to see the Castle of Edinburgh, you will have your reward, a delight reserved for very few: you will see Edinburgh. If you deny the very existence of the Morgue, the Madeleine, and the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Tuileries, the Eiffel Tower, and the tomb of Napoleon, in the calm of that sacred clearance you will suddenly see Paris. In the name of everything that is sacred, this is not what people call paradox; it is a fragment from a sensible guide-book that has never been written. And if you really want me to give the reasonable reasons for it, I will.

There is a very plain and sensible reason why nobody need visit places of interest in foreign countries. It is simply that all over Europe, at any rate, places of interest are exactly the same. They all bear witness to the great Roman civilisation or the great mediæval civilisation, which were mostly the same in all countries. The most wonderful things to be seen in Cologne are exactly the things that one need not go to Cologne to see. The greatest things that there are in Paris are exactly the sort of things that there are in Smithfield. The wonders of the world are the same all over the world; at least, all over the European world. The marvels are at all our doors. A clerk in Lambeth has no right not to know that there was a Christian art exuberant in the thirteenth century; for only across the river he can see the live stones of the Middle Ages surging together towards the stars. A yokel hoeing potatoes in Sussex has no

right not to know that the bones of Europe are the Roman roads. In a French valley the Roman camp is exactly the thing we need not see; for we have Roman camps in England. In a German city the Cathedral is exactly the thing we need not see, for we have Cathedrals in England. Exactly the thing we have not in England is a French open-air café. Exactly the thing we have not in England is a German beer-garden. It is the common life of the people in a foreign place which is really a wonder and delight to the eyes. It is the ordinary things that astonish us in France or Germany. The extraordinary things we know quite well already. They have been thoroughly explained to us by the insupportable cicerones of Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. The man who refuses to be moved out of his seat in a Parisian café to see the Musée de Cluny is paying the grandest tribute to the French people. It is the same, of course, with the foreigner in England. There is no need for a Frenchman to look earnestly at Westminster Abbey as a piece of English architecture. It is not a piece of English architecture. But a hansom cab is a piece of English architecture. It is a thing produced by the peculiar poetry of our English cities. It has never, for some mysterious reason, really been domesticated abroad. It is a symbol of a certain reckless comfort which is really English. It is a thing to draw a pilgrimage of the nations. The imaginative Englishman will be found all day in a café; the imaginative Frenchman in a hansom cab.

The hansom cab is a thing marvellously symbolic, as I have said, of the real spirit of our English society. The chief evil of English society is that our love of liberty, in itself a noble thing, tends to give too much prominence and power to the rich; for liberty means sprees, and sprees mean money. To break windows is in itself a large and human ideal; but in practice the man who breaks most windows will probably be the man who can pay for them. Hence this great power of an aristocratic individualism in English life; an aristocratic individualism of which the great symbol is the hansom cab. The chief oddity of the English upper class is the combination of considerable personal courage with absurd personal luxury. A foreign army would conquer them best by capturing their toilet-bags. They are careless of their lives, but they are careful of their way of living. And this combination of courage and commodiousness, which runs through innumerable English institutions, can be seen even in the hansom cab. Compared with most other vehicles, compared more especially with most foreign vehicles, it is at once more sumptuous and more unsafe. It is a thing in which a man may be killed, but in which he may be killed comfortably. He may be thrown out, but he will not really want to get out.

When I was going down the river on an L.C.C. steamer the other day, a man standing near me pointed out the piles of great buildings on either bank (it was by Westminster and Lambeth) and said, "This is calculated to impress the foreigner." Why should it impress the foreigner? Has the foreigner never seen a building more than one storey high? Do Frenchmen and Germans live in mud huts? Have they no abbeys in their countries or no bishops' palaces? No; if you wish to impress the foreigner, cling convulsively to your hansom cab. Never let him see you except in this vehicle. Drive round your back-garden in it; drive it up the centre aisle when you go to church. When the British Army advances into battle, let each private soldier be inside a hansom cab, and its enemies will flee before it.

I am deeply grieved to see that Mr. Max Beerbohm has been saying that he does not find London beautiful or romantic. Not only is London really full of romance, but it is full of a peculiarly delicate and old-world type of romance. Every other city is singing and buzzing with modern methods; especially the cities we commonly call decadent. Rome is smart and Yankee compared with London. Florence is Chicago compared with London. The old Italian cities are ringing with electric-cars and marked out into great maps of hygiene. Only our London retains its fascinating, crooked high-streets. Only our London keeps its own dreamy and deliberate omnibus. Adorable dreamer, whispering from its turrets the last secrets of the Middle Ages! Somebody said that about Oxford (if you think I don't know, it was Matthew Arnold); but it really applies to London and not to Oxford in the least. If you really wish to have your ears and soul filled with the song and imagery of the past, go into the Underground Railway at Victoria Station and ride, let us say, to the Mansion House. Close your eyes, and listen reverently for the names. St. James's Park—pilgrims with staffs and scallops . . . Westminster Bridge—the English Saints and Kings . . . Charing Cross—King Edward . . . The Temple—the fall of that proud, mysterious league of Templars . . . Blackfriars—a dark line of crows! I beseech you, do not destroy London. It is a sacred ruin.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE CONQUEROR," AT THE SCALA.

To those who have watched Mr. Forbes-Robertson's managerial career, one of this refined and richly gifted actor's most exasperating peculiarities is his extraordinary lack of discrimination in the choice of his plays. This critical blindness arises apparently from his preoccupation with the picturesque side of drama: so long as any piece submitted to him promises a series of attractive tableaux—and perhaps a striking idea, he is content and too dazzled to look deeper. His latest venture shows him repeating his old mistake. Here he is provided, thanks to Dr. Distin Maddick's commendable enthusiasm, with the most beautiful playhouse in England, and he starts management there with a blank-verse "fantasy" of "R. E. Fyffe's," that is, the Duchess of Sutherland's, which is ambitious enough, and pretty enough in its vague way, but is no more than fluent and facile in its poetic writing, and has no closeness of texture, no emotional grip, no genuine dramatic vigour. The idea behind the story of "The Conqueror" is that of an "overman's" defeat and conquest by love. A weak girl overcomes a warrior who has slain his thousands and ridden roughshod over the world, and he, the ruthless victor who has saved her from all his victims to be his bride, effaces himself that she may be happy with a young rival whose physical likeness to himself has won her affection. But this notion is not clothed with the stuff of living, palpitating drama. Not only is the play's atmosphere nebulous, mediæval with a mediævalism that is half-a-dozen centuries and climes and is a curious mixture of Malory and Maeterlinck, but there is no action—merely two lovers waiting, waiting for the Conqueror's dreaded return—and the time is filled up with rustic dances, war-songs, and a procession of conquered kings, interludes which give scope for fine spectacle but scarcely atone for the tale's intolerable *longueurs*. Indeed, the "play" only begins with the fourth act, when the Conqueror pours out his long-pent torrent of passion for Amoranza, and the rolling organ-notes of Mr. Robertson's superb voice rise and fall with impressive rhythm and intensity. But this redeeming moment comes too late, and it is to be feared that Mr. Robertson, so almost paradoxically picturesque a "Conqueror" with his ascetic Burne-Jones features and Viking helmet; Miss Gertrude Elliott, so winning and girlish a heroine; and Mr. Ainley, so gallant and resonant a lover, laboured in what may prove only too surely to be a lost cause.

## THE AUTUMN OPERA SEASON.

The autumn season will open at Covent Garden on Thursday next, with a performance of "La Bohème," in which Madame Melba will fill her usual rôle. In this one sentence a story of considerable musical progress is condensed. Last year autumn opera was regarded in the light of a forlorn hope, or, at least, as an experiment of very doubtful commercial value. The Grand Opera Syndicate stood aside, and the burden of the responsibility fell upon the wealthy Italian amateur who brought the so-called San Carlo Opera Company to London. The venture succeeded. If no money was made, very little was lost. London discovered a remarkable conductor, Signor Campanini, and some fine singers—Mesdames Giachetti, de Cisneros, and Buoinsegna, MM. Anselmi and Sammarco. Many delightful evenings were recorded. This year we are to have another operatic venture in which the Grand Opera Syndicate will join forces with the San Carlo Company for a period of two months. Fifteen operas are promised, including Giordano's "Andrea Chenier" and "Siberia," Alfredo Catalani's "Lorelei," Poncielli's "La Gioconda," and Boito's "Mefistofele." These five, making one-third of the repertoire, may be regarded as novelties to the majority of opera-goers, though the most of them are familiar to those of us who follow the progress of opera on the Continent; and while "Mefistofele" and "La Gioconda" have been played at Covent Garden in years past, "Andrea Chenier" has been given in English by the Carl Rosa Company. Puccini, whose star is in the ascendant, will be represented by "La Bohème," "Madame Butterfly," "Manon Lescaut," and "La Tosca." Verdi will be heard in "Il Trovatore," "Rigoletto," "Aida," and "Ballo in Maschera"; while "Don Giovanni" and "Faust" will complete the repertoire. Catalani, the composer of "Lorelei," died some twelve years ago in his fortieth year, at a time when world-wide success seemed within his grasp. Giordano is still living and composing.

This is a remarkable programme, and great credit will attach to the management if it can be carried out in its entirety, for the production of a new opera at Covent Garden is an affair of unremitting labour for all concerned. In many cities of the Continent three or four operas suffice for the season; should one of them be new there is at least plenty of time for leisured rehearsal. At Covent Garden, where it is proposed to present fifteen operas, including five novelties, in something like forty-five working days, the work required must needs be very strenuous. Happily, the management is quite expert, and the Covent Garden Balls, which began on Friday, will not interfere with the progress of opera. They will take no more from opera than the evenings of their occurrence.

The orchestra that played in the autumn of last year has been re-engaged. We had occasion to remark then that, while the playing left nothing to be desired, the quality of the brass section was rather poor. Signor Campanini, who managed to cover up so many of the defects, is not available. It is said that the directors of La Scala asked him not to come to England for the autumn, as he cannot superintend the rehearsals in Milan if he is out of Italy in November. With commendable patriotism Signor Campanini has acceded to their request. The orchestra at Covent Garden will be conducted by Signor Mugnone, whose well-considered work we have admired in Rome and Milan. He should



secure a very fine rendering of "Mefistofele," if our recollection of a performance under his direction be reliable.

Prices fall to the level of autumn, though every effort will be made to maintain the quality of the performances at the standard of the spring season. The best boxes will cost no more than four guineas, and stalls vary in price from twelve-and-sixpence to seven-and-sixpence, while a shilling gallery will delight Italy in London. On the nights when Melba sings prices will be raised.

Several singers are to bring a well-established reputation to the bar of London opinion for the first time, and others are returning to Covent Garden after some years' absence. The fame of the new tenor, Signor Zanatello, has preceded him. His admirers claim that he will prove a serious rival to Caruso in the esteem of the London public, and we shall not be long in doubt, for he is to sing the Rodolfo music on the opening night of the season. Among the sopranos engaged is Madame Giachetti, who has shown herself to be an accomplished singer and an actress of parts, though sadly lacking in the department of stage deportment. Madame Buoninsegna created a favourable impression last year, and Madame Strakosch sang here some few years ago, appearing with Tamagno in "Otello" and singing in "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." Her Desdemona, Elsa, and Elizabeth cannot be heard this season, but if her other work is as good she will be very welcome. Madame de Cisneros sang and acted with distinction when the San Carlo Company came for the first time to Covent Garden, and throughout the ill-fated venture at the Waldorf Theatre a few months ago. Though her middle voice is weak, she sings with so large a measure of judgment and so complete an appreciation of the dramatic side of a part, that the shortcoming is not often noticeable. Signor Sammarco stands at the head of the baritone, and he must be a great artist who can successfully dispute his claim to the place. His work in "La Tosca," "Aida," "Ballo in Maschera," and "Rigoletto" will not be forgotten by people who have seen many and varied interpretations of the respective rôles. It is pleasant to think that he will be heard in all these parts. De Marchi, who is expected to share the leading tenor rôles with Zanatello, was with us a few years ago; he sang the Cavaradossi music when Ternina appeared as La Tosca, and took the part of Raoul in "The Huguenots." Signor Biel, who makes his first appearance in London, met with a sudden and startling success in Italy quite recently; and it may be said of the other artists engaged that they have been submitted to the double test of the experts who look after the interests of the Grand Opera Syndicate and the gentlemen responsible for the San Carlo Company.

Last year we had no more than a six weeks' autumn season; this year two weeks are added, and if the experiment meets with public support we may rest assured that the London autumn will always be lightened in similar fashion. The active part taken by the Grand Opera Syndicate in the present venture is of happy augury in this connection. The directors are now responsible for giving London twenty weeks of opera in the twelve months. Hitherto twelve weeks have been considered ample.

#### MR. TREE'S FLITTING.

A mild sensation has been created in stageland by the announcement, made by Mr. Beerbohm Tree from the stage of his theatre in the Haymarket, that the proscenium-arch shows a tendency to fall from grace, and must be dealt with as architectural law directs without delay. After making references, doubtless accidental, to the triumphant success of "Oliver Twist" and the immense public demand for seats, the talented actor-manager went on to assure his audience that he would do his best to have the repairs effected as speedily as possible, and concluded with the glad tidings that he had secured the Waldorf Theatre for the present and that "Oliver Twist" would be presented there on the following evening. We congratulate Mr. Tree upon his good fortune in discovering the defect in his own theatre before it caused an accident, and on finding a new theatre before his many patrons can suffer any moral and intellectual damage by the temporary closing of His Majesty's.

#### SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

On the basis of mutual concessions, Sweden and Norway have come to terms. On Saturday evening the last meeting at Karlstad came to an end after a protracted sitting. The delegates separated, and returned to their respective capitals to confer with their Governments. The treaty, which will take the form of a repeal of the Act of Union, cannot be settled for some time; but the terms that are, in a sense, its foundation will be published simultaneously in Christiania and Stockholm, and then the Storting and Riksdag will be required to ratify them. They may be briefly summarised. Arbitration at the Hague Court, the establishment of a neutral zone, destruction of Norwegian forts within that zone, and minor arrangements relating to Laplanders' grazing rights, transit, traffic, and waterways constitute the bases of agreement. In view of the dissolution of the Union, it has been decided to summon a special meeting of the Riksdag for Oct. 2. King Oscar has granted an interview to M. René Puaux, and an account of the conversation appears in the *Temps*. The aged ruler speaks with a bitterness that is not quite unreasonable, but he makes one or two memorable remarks. "At my age one has witnessed many sad things, and the worst of all is war. . . . I cannot wish to see those whom I regard rather as my children killing one another." A large measure of personal sympathy will go out to King Oscar, who is now in his seventy-seventh year and has seen his Empire break up in the latter days. He declares that none of the house of Bernadotte will accept the throne of Norway, but it is obviously unsafe to prophesy.

#### THE ANGLO-JAPANESE AGREEMENT.

The text of the new Agreement between Great Britain and Japan has been published, and we are face to face with one of the most important and far-reaching treaties to which this country has yet been a party. The objects of the Agreement, set out with extreme care in the preamble, are: (a) The consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India; (b) The preservation of the common interests of all the Powers in China; and (c) The maintenance of the territorial rights of the contracting parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India, and the defence of their special interests in the said regions.

The Treaty is for ten years, and then from year to year until denounced by either party. In a dispatch to our Ambassador at St. Petersburg, Lord Lansdowne emphasises the specially pacific nature of an arrangement that seeks to do no more than maintain the *status quo* in Asia, and safeguards the proper rights of all the European Powers. To students of the countless problems that beset our administrators in India the new Treaty will be specially welcome, while to Japan it is a guarantee for the quiet enjoyment of the fruits of the long and honourable campaign just brought to a successful issue.

#### FRANCO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

France has drawn up her programme in connection with the International Conference that is to deal with Morocco's future, and has submitted the document to Berlin. It is said to embody all the concessions that the French Government is prepared to make. Should it prove satisfactory to Germany, there will be no more delay in settling down to the active work that must precede the meeting of the plenipotentiaries. At the beginning of the week some of the French papers published statements to the effect that M. Witte had received a mandate from the Tsar to mediate between France and Germany, and remind the German Government that Russia will support French diplomacy to the end, and will not shrink from the duties imposed upon her by the Alliance. It is probable that, in taking this view of M. Witte's visit to the Kaiser, the papers made the wish serve as father to the thought. Though it is reasonable to suppose that M. Witte was instructed to do what he could for the allied and friendly nation, it is an open secret that he went to Berlin to raise loans rather than war-scares. He is now on Russian soil once again, and his reception by the Tsar will be awaited with curious interest all over Europe.

#### HONOUR FOR GENERAL BOOTH.

On Tuesday afternoon the Corporation of the City of London resolved unanimously to confer the Freedom of the City on General Booth, and at the same sitting they voted one hundred guineas to the funds of the Salvation Army. As Mr. Ellis, the Chief Commoner, pointed out in moving the resolution, there are precedents for the City's action in the cases of Lord Shaftesbury and Sir George Williams. There can be no doubt but that the action of the City Fathers will be applauded on all sides. General Booth and his army of nameless but honourable workers have done much for London, and in honouring the veteran leader the City honours all who have served him faithfully and well. The freedom is granted in recognition of General Booth's "earnest and conscientious exertions for the moral and social advancement of the subjects of Great Britain and other races and peoples throughout the world."

#### THE LATE M. CAVAGNAC.

M. Godefroy Cavaignac, who died suddenly on Monday last at his country seat near Flee in La Sarthe, may be reckoned among the victims of the Dreyfus case. Grandson of the great Cavaignac of the National Convention, and son of the distinguished Republican General who in his day was also Minister of War and Dictator during the insurrection of '48, Godefroy Cavaignac seemed destined for a great career. When the Franco-German War broke out he was no more than a lad, but he was awarded the military medal for bravery. He entered Parliament in 1882, and was made an Under-Secretary in the War Office three years later. He was a Republican with Radical tendencies, and he passed rapidly into the high places of the State service, being made, in turn, Minister of Marine, Colonies, and War, and regarded as a strong candidate for the Presidency. Then came the Dreyfus case, in which he refused to consent to a revision after the story of the Henry forgeries was known. Like so many of the Anti-Revisionists, M. Cavaignac seemed to lose his judgment, and flung himself into the open arms of the Ligue de la Patrie Française and the Nationalist Party. This ill-considered action removed him from the list of serious politicians, and perhaps because the memory of good work is never long-lived, his early service to the Republic was forgotten. He retained his seat in the Chamber to the end. But his life's work was finished when he left the War Office.

Our photographs taken by the Sultan of Morocco are from a book on the Sultan's home life by Mr. Gabriel Veyre.

#### AT THE BOOKSELLERS'.

*Divers Vanities.* Arthur Morrison. (Methuen. 6s.)  
*Wild Flowers Mouth by Mouth.* Edward Step, F.L.S. (Warne. 6s.)  
*The Last Chance.* Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan. 6s.)  
*The Brown Eyes of Mary.* Maria Albanesi. (Methuen. 6s.)  
*Queens of the French Stage.* H. Noel Williams. (Harpers. 10s. 6d.)  
*The Duke of Reichstadt.* Edward de Wertheimer. (Lane. 21s.)  
*The Spirit of Rome.* Vernon Lee. (Lane. 3s. 6d.)

#### NOTE.

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#### ELEVENTH

#### BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

OCTOBER 11, 12, 13, 14, 1905.

Elijah, Symphony Fantastic, Berlioz, and sequel; Lelio, Edipus at Colonus, Mendelssohn; Taillefer, Strauss; Dream of Gerontius, Elgar; new Scene, Marino Faliero, Holbrooke, Concerto, piano and orchestra, Liszt; Double Concerto, 2 pianos and orchestra, Mozart; Grand Mass in C Minor, Mozart; Engedi, Beethoven; Lohengrin, Wagner; Messiah, &c., &c.

Mesdames Melba, Albani, Agnes Nicholls, Ada Crossley, Muriel Foster, and Kirkly Lunn; Messrs. Coates, Green, Ben Davies, Ffrangcon Davies, F. Braun, C. Knowles, Andrew Black, Lawrence Irving, Miss Mabel Hackney, Misses Verne, and Herr Kreisler.

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# THE SALE OF SINGAPORE DOCKS: THEIR CAPACITY TO ACCOMMODATE MEN-OF-WAR.

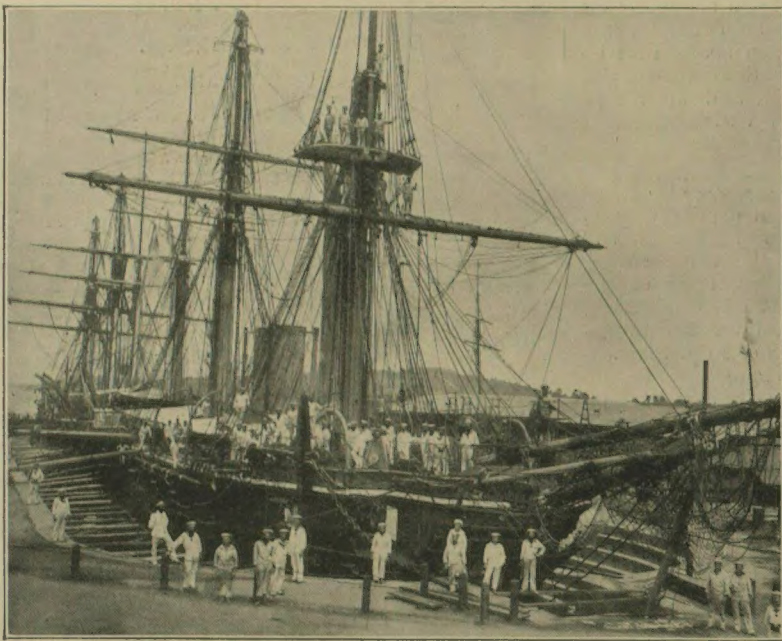
PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. MOURIN, OF THE TANJONG PAGAR DOCKS, SINGAPORE.



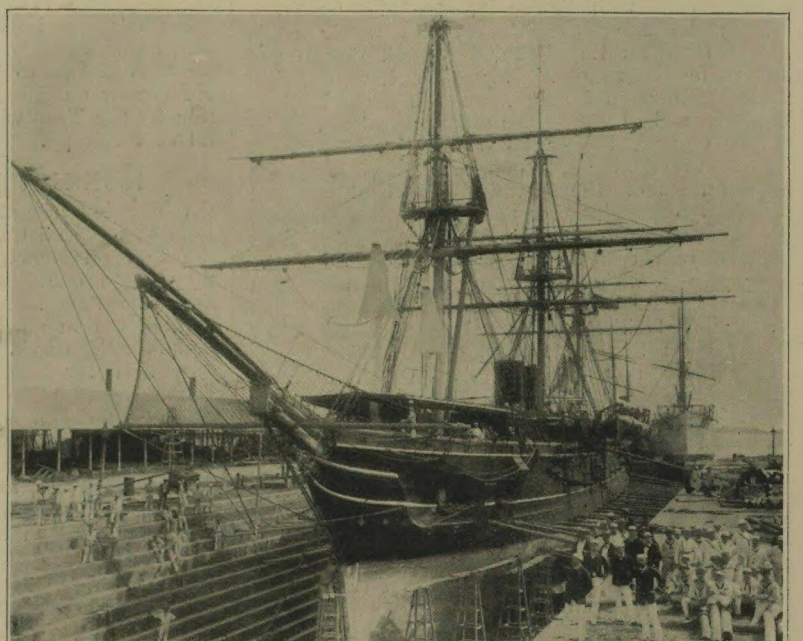
MIDDAY AT THE DOCKS: THE MEN LEAVING OFF WORK.



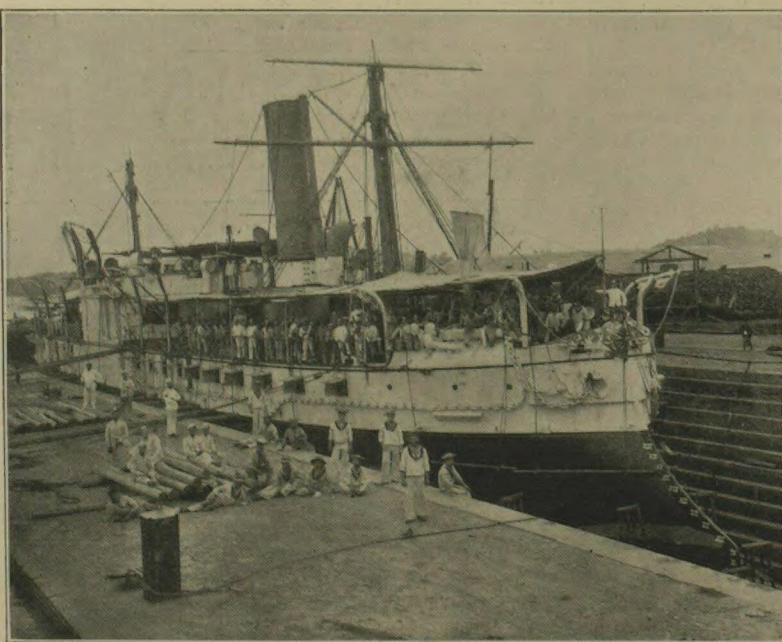
THREE CHINESE CRUISERS IN ONE GRAVING DOCK.



TWO GERMAN MEN-OF-WAR IN ONE GRAVING DOCK.



THE DUTCH WAR-SHIP "DE RUYTER" IN GRAVING DOCK.



H.M.S. "ORION" IN DOCK AT SINGAPORE.



THE DUTCH WAR-SHIP "KING OF THE NETHERLANDS" IN DOCK.

*The properties of the Tanjong Pagar Docks at Singapore, which are to be sold to the Colonial Government, will afford a splendid base for the British Fleet. Singapore lies on the road to the Far East and to Northern Australia, and the harbour is one of the finest in the world. It is already well protected, and has long been the rendezvous of our outlying squadrons. The Tanjong Pagar Company, in the course of nearly half-a-century's successful trading, has come to possess a practical monopoly of the extensive docking and repairing facilities of Singapore.*



# THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S DRESSES FOR INDIA: SOME TAILOR-MADES.

BY KIND PERMISSION OF THE MAKER, MR. ALBERT PHILLIPS, SLOANE STREET.



## THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S LOYALTY TO ENGLISH MAKE AND MATERIAL.

*Her Royal Highness has a great predilection for the bolero, a charming example of which has been built in white serge; the costumes are in white, grey, and blue, with brown tweeds for shooting. There are some delightful costumes in cashmere; one of the smartest of the tailor-mades is in fawn and white check cashmere with a red thread running through it.*



## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

## THE CRISIS IN HUNGARY.

Palace of the Hofburg the leaders of the Hungarian Coalition—M. Kossuth, Baron Banffy, and Counts Apponyi, Julius Andrássy, and Aladar Zichy. His Majesty set before them in the plainest terms the conditions upon which he will allow them to form a Government. First and foremost there can be no tampering with the language of command and service that prevails in the army. Secondly, the Pragmatic Union between Austria and Hungary must remain the basis of all dealings with the army and diplomatic service. Certain revisions of the 1867 arrangements will be considered if they can be first agreed upon by the Governments of both States. Hungary must also undertake to vote supply for military purposes. These are the main points emphasised by the King-Emperor, and, of course, the Coalition leaders had nothing to say. On leaving the Hofburg they drove to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and notified Count Goluchowski that they were unable to accept the terms offered and could not enter into any further negotiations unless a Hungarian could be appointed to confer with them. Count Goluchowski notified the King-Emperor, who at once appointed Count Cziraky, Chief Marshal of the Court, to treat with the Coalition leaders; but, owing to a misunderstanding, four of the five had left Vienna when he arrived from the country. There is great excitement in Budapest, and the outlook could hardly be more gloomy, for patriotism and party passion rise in Eastern Europe to a height that we cannot scale even in the critical week of a General Election. A meeting has been summoned by the Coalition leaders to discuss the situation. M. Kossuth has declared that the hour is approaching when the Hungarian nation will gather round the flag of independence.



Photo. Keller Karoly.  
ONE OF THE HUNGARIAN DELEGATES  
REBUFFED BY THE EMPEROR:  
COUNT ANDRÁSSY.

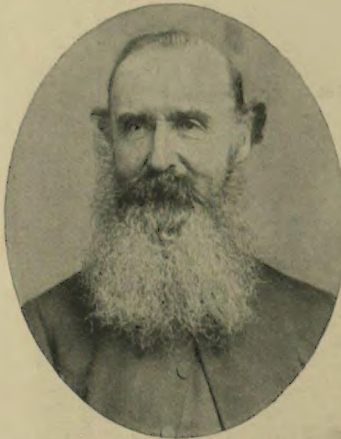


Photo. Russell.  
THE LATE BISHOP MACRORIE,  
BISHOP COLENSO'S SUCCESSOR.

## THE SINGAPORE DOCKS.

and we now learn that the purchase price is to be decided by arbitration between the Government of the Straits Settlements and the dock company. Mr. Robert Inglis, of the Great Western Railway, and Sir Edward Boyle, K.C., have been appointed arbitrators, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach will act as umpire. The purchase will be made by the Colonial Government, and the arbitration has been authorised by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. There is no occasion to insist in this place upon the importance of Singapore as a naval station or the prescience of the Colonial Government's action. For years Singapore has been the place chosen for the consultations of the Admirals commanding the China, Australia, and East Indies Stations, and its strategic possibilities are known to all well informed seafaring men. At the same time, it is well to point out that negotiations for the transfer of the docks to the Colonial Government were started before Russia's Baltic Squadron had gone to its death in the Straits of Tsushima and before the Admiralty had decided to recall the great battle-ships from the China Station. The news of Singapore's approaching conversion into a British naval base has created some excitement upon the Continent. In Paris Admiral Fournier remarked to an interviewer: "Singapore is a key placed by Great Britain in the door to the China Seas."

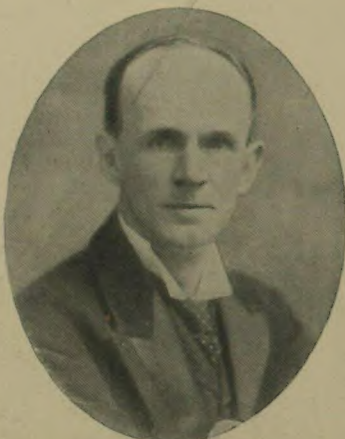


Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE HON. ALEXANDER WOOD RENTON,  
NEWLY-APPOINTED PUISNE JUDGE OF CEYLON.

## DR. BARNARDO.

London is the poorer by the death of Dr. Thomas J. Barnardo, who passed away last week in his sixtieth year. Few men, even in these days of a widespread and intelligent philanthropy, can hope to accomplish a tithe of the good work that Dr. Barnardo achieved, often in the face of difficulties that would have overwhelmed a man of less determined character. He was educated privately, and went to the London Hospital in order that he might enter the Chinese Missionary Service with a measure of medical knowledge. Cholera broke out in London at that time, and he offered his services to the hospital. They were accepted, and he saw slum life at its worst. In those days our homeless waifs and strays lay out in the open air, on roofs, or in blind alleys. Barnardo saw them for himself, and vowed he would work in the cause of the city's outcasts. A speech he made attracted the attention of the great Earl of Shaftesbury, whose life was given to doing good. Then followed the incident that is probably familiar to most people—the dinner at Lord Shaftesbury's town house, the descent of the guests into slumland, and the discovery of seventy-three children sleeping in boxes and barrels. Soon after that night Dr. Barnardo was enabled to open a little home that could hold twenty-five lads. To-day, while the headquarters of the Society are still in Stepney, the National Waifs Association has branches in all directions, a Hospital for Waif Children in the Causeway, village homes for girls at Ilford, a "Babies' Castle" at Hawkhurst, a convalescent seaside home at Felixstowe, and rescue homes in Bath, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Leeds, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Plymouth. Nearly sixteen thousand children, who had no chance in life until they came under Dr. Barnardo's care, are now thriving in the Colonies. At the end



Photo. Vining.  
A CHARACTERISTIC SNAP-SHOT OF THE LATE  
DR. BARNARDO.

of last year there were nearly eight thousand children in the Barnardo Homes, while, in addition, some hundred and twenty thousand free meals had been supplied and ninety-odd thousand garments had been given away within the twelve months. Although the public response to Dr. Barnardo's appeals has been generous, the financial necessities of the various institutions are ever growing, and an effort was being made to set them on a sound basis on the occasion of the founder's sixtieth birthday. In the years that have passed since the National Waifs Association came into being, nearly sixty thousand children who must have helped to swell the ranks of criminals or degenerates have found useful and honourable careers by Dr. Barnardo's aid. The public has subscribed upwards of three million pounds for the good work, and Charles Booth, whose monumental volumes on London may be deemed the standard authority, has declared that the Barnardo Homes are the most charitable institution in England, if not in the whole world. The late philanthropist was an untiring worker, and he had the great talent for organisation without which the hardest work is often ineffective. In a message of condolence to Mrs. Barnardo the Queen says, "I pray that his splendid lifelong work may be kept up as an everlasting tribute to his memory."

## OUR PORTRAITS.

With the death of Bishop Macrorie, who passed away at Ely on Sunday last in his seventy-fifth year, a very varied career came to an end. After school and college days had passed and he had served the Church in Lancashire and London, William Macrorie accepted the Bishopric from which Dr. Colenso had been deposed. Five stormy years had passed since the deposition, and the new appointment was associated with much public controversy of a kind that is not beneficial to the Church. Dr. Macrorie took the post as Bishop of Maritzburg, Dr. Colenso having the legal right to the old

title of Bishop of Natal, and remained at his post until 1891. When Dr. Colenso died in 1883, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Benson) asked the Bishop to resign and so heal the trouble between the Colenso party and the more orthodox; but the application met with a refusal, and Dr. Macrorie remained in South Africa's service for another eight years, working with characteristic energy but only moderate success. Since 1892 the late Bishop held a residentiary canonry in Ely Cathedral.



Photo. Keller Karoly.  
ANOTHER OF THE HUNGARIAN  
DELEGATES REBUFFED BY THE  
EMPEROR: COUNT APPONYI.

A few days ago rumour declared that Mr. W. T. Stead had been admitted to the Councils of the Tsar, and was about to preside over public meetings held to explain to the children of the Little Father the manifold blessings of the new Constitution. Rumour has not increased her reputation for veracity by these suggestions, but it is quite true that Mr. Stead is in St. Petersburg, where he seems to have had the doubtful privilege of frequent interviews with the Tsar's redoubtable subordinate, Trepoff. To the *Times*, Mr. Stead sends a long and characteristic letter, full of hope and faith, to say nothing of charity. He finds the Autocrat of the Russias moving towards Constitutional Government at a pace that, considering the size of the Empire and the curiously diverse characteristics of its people, must be considered satisfactory. Nay more, now that the Tsar has abandoned absolutism, Mr. Stead finds how very faulty it was as a mode of government. Russia has accomplished one great forward movement in the present week. The Zemstvo Congress of some three hundred delegates has met in Moscow without any police interference, and has decided, with but one dissentient, to take part in the election to the Duma. This means that Constitutional Russia is prepared to give the Tsar every chance of making his promised reforms effective; and that if the new Constitution is given a fair chance, and is fit to take advantage of it, the traditional loyalty of the Russian middle-classes will stand between the throne and the forces of Nihilism and Anarchy that threaten to bring the rule of the house of Romanoff to an abrupt end.



Photo. Mills.  
MR. W. T. STEAD,  
THE TSAR'S POLITICAL ADVISER.

Colonel Francis William Rhodes, C.B., D.S.O., who died last week in South Africa, was an elder brother of the famous Cecil, and was born in 1851. He went into the Army from Eton, and served with distinction in Egypt, in '84 being described by Sir Herbert Stewart as the best A.D.C. a General was ever fortunate enough to have. After the Egyptian service Colonel Rhodes acted as Military Secretary to the Governor of Bombay, and Chief Staff Officer to Sir Gerald Portal in his Mission to Uganda. He then acted as Administrator in Rhodesia



Photo. Bassano.  
THE LATE COLONEL FRANK RHODES,  
BROTHER OF THE LATE MR. CECIL RHODES.

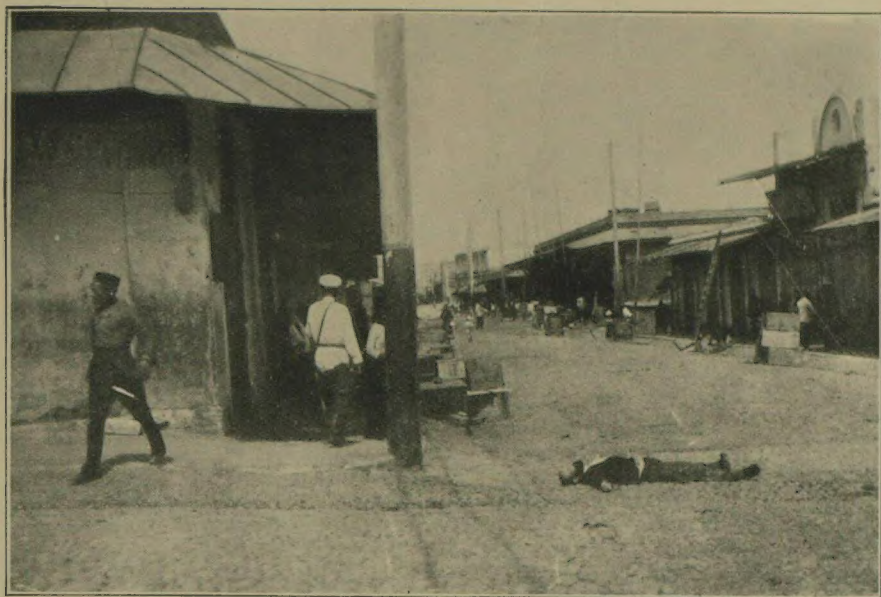
during the temporary absence of Dr. Jameson, and on leaving found occupation in Johannesburg in the interests of his brother. He was one of the prime movers in the notorious Raid, and was condemned to death, but the sentence was commuted, and he was released on payment of a £25,000 fine. As he would not undertake to play no further part in politics, he was expelled the country, and went to Matabeleland, where the rebellion was raging. When Lord Kitchener went to Khartoum, Colonel Rhodes, who had been put on the Retired List in consequence of his connection with the Raid, went out in the service of the *Times*. He was restored to the Active List at the end of the campaign, and fought through the last Boer War.

The Hon. Alexander Wood Renton, Puisne Judge of the Supreme Court of the Mauritius, has been appointed a Puisne Judge of Ceylon. Mr. Renton was born in Fifehire, and received his education at private schools and at Glasgow Academy and Edinburgh University. He was called to the Bar twenty years ago, and joined the Oxford Circuit.



# RESULTS OF FIRE AND MASSACRE AT BAKU: THE DEVASTATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. H. HALL AND OTHERS.



NEGLECTED: A VICTIM OF THE MASSACRE IN BAKU.

*The firing was so fierce that succour of the wounded was impossible. Some English people attempted a rescue, but the Armenian shooting was too good.*

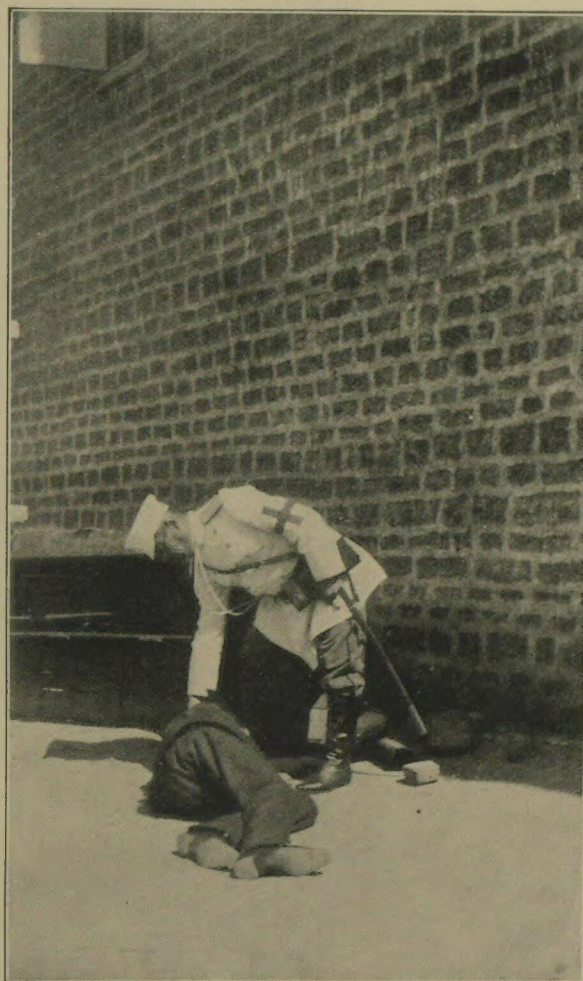


THE RESIDENCE OF THE SAVIOUR OF BAKU.

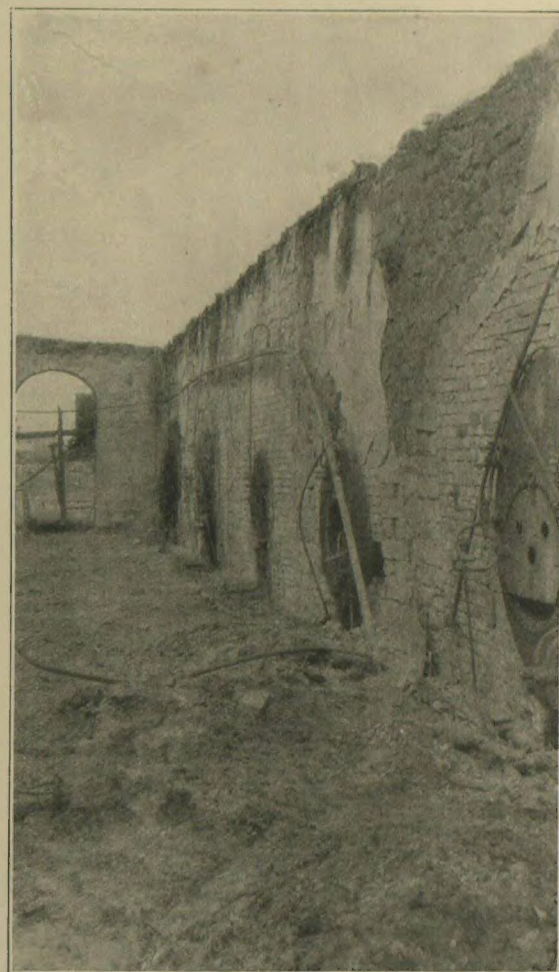
*Mr. Urquhart's rooms are under the gable on the left, with the Governor's house on the right, and the offices of the principal English Oil Companies in the facing building.*



BURNED AND LOOTED: THE HOUSE OF TOUMANOFF, A RICH ARMENIAN.



AMBULANCE ASSISTANCE FOR A VICTIM OF THE MASSACRES.



A LARGE BOILER-HOUSE AT BALAKHANY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



A GENERAL VIEW OF BALAKHANY.



AN OIL-TANK AND BOILER-HOUSE AFTER THE FIRE.

*The general view of Balakhany is particularly interesting as illustrating the ruin of the oil industry. The clear space was before the fire occupied by a perfect forest of derricks above the oil wells.*



# THE CHURCH CONGRESS OF 1905: SCENES IN AND AROUND WEYMOUTH.

SKETCHES BY WILL B. ROBINSON.



## SIGHTS AND EXCURSIONS FOR CHURCHMEN IN CONGRESS AT WEYMOUTH.

The Church Congress begins on Monday, October 2, and is to be held this year at Weymouth, which is within easy reach of a great many of the most charming pieces of inland and coast scenery in Dorsetshire. The town of Weymouth itself dates from Saxon and probably from Roman times. It was the landing-place of Margaret of Anjou in 1471 and of Philip of Castile in 1506. It was besieged by the Royalists in 1645.



# TRESPASS.

By CHARLES MARRIOTT.



Illustrated by W. RAINEY.

THE real cause of the quarrel between Robert Trengrouse and John Clemo was the latter's failure to understand that there was only room for one crabber in Penolver Cove. In the matter of the withy-bed, Clemo was merely the victim of Trengrouse's quarrel with Coad, the Agent, and the affair was as characteristic of Clemo's way of drifting into things as it was of Trengrouse's crooked logic.

Penolver is distinguished from a dozen other coves on the Cornish coast by the relics of a former landlord's error of judgment in working tin before he had made sure of his lode. A wooden leat on high trestles, a great overshot water-wheel, and the ruins of a smelting-house remain to point his folly. They give to the place a look of failure which the raw face of the granite quarry, worked with some profit, does little to redeem. The handful of cottages scattered about on either side of the trout-stream are inhabited by quarrymen. There is no room in the Cove to harbour drift-boats; though there is a little quay, the sea's bottom is too rocky for seining or trawling, and so the only resources for fishermen are crabbing and long-lining. The Cove runs up to a wooded valley, at the head of which lies the churchtown of Brennius Major. On either side of the Cove, where the gorse and heather give place to cultivated land, there are a few farms, each a "village" with a name and traditions of its own. These upland farms, visible from the sea, are used as marks when shooting long-lines and crab-pots, and St. Brennius' Tower points the body's safety as surely as it does the soul's salvation. The coast here is very dangerous, and washed by a leaden sea, seldom blue, since there is but little sand, eternally restless, breaking in cold, white foam over barriers and ledges, sobbing and muttering in hidden caves. Sudden mists blot the coastline, making friendly marks dangerous and familiar guides a snare. To sit by a warm hearth, knowing that the red-lit window is charted in the mind of a frozen-handed man beating for home, brings the sense of sharing adventure into the monotonous life of upland farmers.

The Lizard Lighthouse is too far round to the south-west to be directly visible, but all night long the reflection of its great beams wheel round with the gesture of a giant, sowing light upon the sea and the land.

Not without reason are crabbers generally "crabbed" men. Theirs is a solitary life, full of peril; and their prying into the sea's secrets, dragging up to the light the sprawling, obscene inhabitants of wisely hidden caves, the vermin of the sea, seems to react upon their natures, making them furtive and saturnine.

Robert Trengrouse had been accepted as the crabber of Penolver Cove for so many years that he had come to believe a sort of official connection between the place and himself; a belief encouraged for his own purposes by old Mr. Roscorla, the easy-going agent of the generally absent landlord. Every year for twenty-five years Trengrouse had bought the withies which grew in the marshy place where the stream overflowed behind the ruined smelting-house. A convenient withy-bed is a great asset to the established crabber. There is a good deal of wear and tear in crab-pots,

his methods. He was not popular either in Penolver Cove or with the neighbouring farmers. In a dozen little ways tenants began to feel the pinch of his stewardship. Rents were readjusted, with a trifling advantage to the landlord, rights of shooting reconsidered, and a notice appeared on the wall of the smelting-house placing restrictions on the carting of oreweed for manure. Feeling ran high in the Cove, and Trengrouse was not behind with a suggestion. These little additions to rent, for whose profit were they? It was inconceivable that such a rich gentleman as Mr. Trevelyan would worry about a few shillings a year. The result was a letter of complaint to Mr. Trevelyan, signed by all the inhabitants in the Cove. Unfortunately, the letter came just when Mr. Trevelyan was suffering the soreness of learning how in certain matters the late agent had grossly neglected his interests. Consequently, Coad's production of his books and accounts did more than vindicate his character. Mr. Trevelyan congratulated himself on a treasure, and, going down to the Cove, called a meeting in the smelting-house. Here he reaffirmed his confidence in the blushing Coad, who stood at his right hand, and reminded his hearers that, anyhow, they were not compelled to live in Penolver Cove.

"Mind you," he said, "I don't want to turn any of you out, and I shall be sorry if you are unreasonable enough to take offence at what I'm telling you. There's no doubt about it that some of you did get the better of old Roscorla, and it shows a very nasty spirit to go and make insinuations against Mr. Coad's honesty because he isn't quite so easy to manage. I've been over Mr. Coad's books and found them absolutely correct. He's getting the place into order on a new system which in the long run will be as much to your advantage as it is to mine. This fuss about the ore-weed, now: nobody minds your having that, it's as much yours as mine; the whole question is the state of the road. This, you know, is a semi-private road; it doesn't come under the district council

at all, and the whole cost of keeping it up falls on me. Well, it's only fair that those who use the road for heavy carts should help to bear the expense. Just to show you how well Mr. Coad means by you, I may tell you that it was he who persuaded me to have the water brought down from Trewidden."

Mr. Trevelyan gradually talked himself and his hearers into good-humour, and so the meeting ended in hand-shaking all round. So far as Penolver Cove in general was concerned, the grievance against Coad was reduced to the fact that he was a stranger, while



"Will you get out, or must I haave you into the say?"

and in a place like Penolver Cove a sudden gale will destroy a man's outfit in a single night. Trengrouse paid ten shillings a year for the withies and cut them himself, but it was not so much their price as their position that suited him. Being taken for granted on such comfortable terms persuaded him that he rented the place, and it had come to be spoken of as Trengrouse's withy-bed, when old Mr. Roscorla took ill and died.

Now, Coad, the new agent, was young, energetic, and anxious to prove to his master the superiority of



Roscorla had been reared among themselves. While the rumour of the dispute was still in the air, John Clemo drifted into Penolver from over Trevenen way, along with his tall, slatternly wife and trail of five dirty children. Before anybody had time to warn him of Trengrouse's inalienable privilege, he, at a chance meeting with Coad on the coastguard path, spoke to him about the withy-bed. Whether Coad really wanted to score off Trengrouse, or wanted to do Clemo a kindness, or merely thought himself justified in accepting a higher bid for the withies, nobody ever knew; but for twelve shillings he allowed Clemo to have them. So little did the unfortunate man understand his trespass that he never thought to tell anybody in the Cove; and he was already cutting the withies when Trengrouse came upon him with a shout.

Clemon laid down his hook and looked up with a foolish, ingratiating smile. He was a hollow-cheeked, weak-chinned man with pale, watery eyes and a ragged, fair moustache that looked nearly white against his red-scaled face. "Fine weather we're having, Mr. Trengrouse," he cried. "Praise the Lord," and re-attacked his work with the self-conscious energy of the generally incompetent person.

Trengrouse spat, and, with his hands in his pockets, came slowly down the coastguard path, crossed the stream by the granite slab, and so to the withy bed. He was a great lump of a man with a swollen, mahogany-coloured face, little hard eyes, a mouth like a rat-trap, and hands like hams. He stood over against Clemo with his grisly chin-beard bristling out aggressively.

"Who give you leave to cut my withies, you?" he said.

Clemon, persuaded that Trengrouse was having his little joke, began to giggle.

"He, he! Robert Trengrouse," he said, "your withies, eh? I've bin a bit before you. Why, I've just paid twelve shillings for 'em."

"Twelve shillings," said Trengrouse meditatively, "then you're a plum fool. They're not worth et."

Being a fool, the one thing that Clemon resented was a criticism of his intelligence.

"I was tould they was worth et," he said looking round considerably.

"Ded a bor tell you that, John Clemon?"

"No, a man tould me that, Robert Trengrouse," answered Clemon defiantly.

"Who tould you, then?" said Trengrouse in a dangerously guarded voice.

"Peter Coad up Trewidden tould me," answered Clemon in a tone of triumph.

"He didden think 'fit to lev 'ee knaw that for twenty-five year I've paid ten shillings a year rent for that withy bed?" asked Trengrouse, his voice trembling and rising with anger.

Clemon began dimly to understand that he had done wrong. Half-straightening his back, he rested his hook on the stump he had been clearing and stood with fallen jaw in a monkey-like attitude.

"Aw now," he said gravely, "you'll excuse me, Mr. Trengrouse, if I've given offence, but I'd no idee that I'd took advantage of you."

"You took advantage of me, you dirty, thieven hake!" cried Trengrouse. Now, Clemon's father being a Porthia man, "hake" was a peculiarly offensive epithet, but Clemon did not want to quarrel.

"Aw, my dear," he said in a deprecating tone, "there's no sense in making bad blood. Coulden us go hafe shares weth the withies?"

"Hafe shares with my propetty, you?" roared Trengrouse, now purple with anger. "No, I'll go hafe shares with no man, lev alone dirty trash as hasn't the sense to knaw when it's not wanted."

He turned on his heel and stumped away. Clemon stared after him, and then began in a desultory way to hack at the withies. Presently, however, he flung down his hook, put on his coat, and walked in the direction of his cottage, which stood on a little elevation just above the boulders of the beach. But here he had to face his wife, who from the doorway had seen his encounter with Trengrouse. She stood with her great arms akimbo as he came up the path trying to twist his loose mouth into the right shape for whistling. At his approach she broke into a bitter, neighing laugh.

"Couldna stand up to the g'eat bully, then?" she shouted. "Aw! but theer's a man!"

Clemon tried to explain, but she put aside all his arguments with contempt; and at last, goaded to desperation, he went back to the withy-bed and finished his task.

When rent-day came round, Trengrouse presented himself at the agent's little office at Trewidden, and when he had paid the rent of his cottage he put down half a sovereign.

"And theer's the rent of my withy-bed," he said.

"But I thought I sold the withies to John Clemon," said Coad, reddening.

"Yes, I s'pose you ded, sure 'nuff," said Trengrouse, grimly. "I'll lev that between you and your master and your God. But 'tes my withy-bed till I've had proper notice to quit."

There he stuck, and but for fear of making a precedent Coad would have given in. Trengrouse wasted six-and-eightpence in consulting a Chypons lawyer, who, of course, pooh-poohed his claim. People in the Cove took sides, for the most part with Trengrouse, since the new-comer is seldom popular; and the noise of the dispute reached Mr. Trevelyan, who, however, perhaps by this time disposed to let his wearisomely energetic agent fight his own battles, declined to interfere. John Clemon, though taunted by his wife, was afraid to buy the withies a second time; while Robert Trengrouse would neither cut them nor abandon his claim unless Coad accepted his rent or gave him formal notice to quit. At last, in despair, Coad sent men with digging tools to hack up the withy stumps and plant broccoli in their place.

The quarrymen left their work and lined the waste-heap to look down at the eviction, for everybody expected that Robert Trengrouse would oppose Coad's

labourers by force. But, punctiliously law-abiding, he stood solemnly by the whole time and merely answered to all questions—

"'Tes an act of violence."

Clemon, meanwhile, hung about the doorway of his cottage, frightened and apologetic. When it was all over he plucked up courage to brave his wife's anger, went up to Trengrouse and offered to shake hands. Trengrouse just looked at him, and he slunk away, followed by his wife's bitter laughter.

Those who did not know Trengrouse thought that the matter was ended. As he admitted, except for convenience of position, the withy-bed was hardly worth ten shillings a year. Withies were to be had in plenty and cheaply from a little distance, but in the agent's transaction with Clemon he saw a formal recognition of him as the crabber of Penolver Cove, with a stake in the land, so to speak. Quite convinced that there was not room for two crabbers in Penolver Cove, he believed that Coad wanted to turn him out. There were other reasons besides the affair of the withies that made him suspicious. John Clemon was, at least nominally, a Churchman, and so more likely to be popular with his landlord than himself, a Methodist.

Then began his persecution of John Clemon. Much too shrewd to bring himself within reach of the law, he did nothing, said nothing, but merely watched him. Being both in the same line of fishing their working hours and their leisure generally happened at the same time, and Trengrouse disregarded his own interests so that as far as possible, whatever Clemon was doing, he should be there to see him do it.

If Clemon shot a long-line or a string of crab-pots, Trengrouse did the same, as near to his enemy as the bare limits of tradition would allow. When Clemon pulled out to look at and re-bait his pots, Trengrouse followed him; so that whether Clemon's catch was large or small, he had always a silent though hostile witness to his luck. Clemon was a clumsy and timid man in a boat, and Trengrouse generally finished his job first, when he would rest on his oars, smiling contemptuously, while Clemon floundered about, from sheer embarrassment bullying his eldest boy, who had now begun to help him at his fishing. When Clemon got leave to grow early potatoes on the cliff, Trengrouse followed suit and made his field alongside his enemy's. Being a bachelor, Trengrouse had not the same need for industry, and he put in a good deal of time leaning on the hedge watching the other at work.

Clemon was as honest as need be, but Trengrouse's constant supervision seemed to demoralise him altogether, and he grew more hangdog-looking every day. But for his wife he would have left Penolver Cove. His children were always in some sort of trouble with the neighbours: whenever there was a window broken or a hen missing, suspicion fell on the young Clemos; and Robert Trengrouse had an unpleasant way of looking as if he knew all about it, though he took care not to bring a direct accusation. The young Clemos had red hair, and when exasperated poultry-keepers complained that the fox had been busy in the night, Trengrouse would smile and say—

"Aw, yes; somethen of that colour, I b'lieve."

If Clemon's second boy, Jimmy, set a night-line baited with mackerel roe under the bridge, Trengrouse was sure to be passing just at the moment when he was unhooking a big trout, and casually to remark—

"Got your license, I s'pose?"

Once Trengrouse caught Jimmy Clemon taking a spider-crab out of his boat as it lay moored beside the quay, to bait for small pollack. The boy scrambled up the chain ladder, expecting a thrashing; but Trengrouse took him gently by the ear, and, holding the crab in the other hand, led him to his father's door.

"Like father, like son," he said.

Clemon thanked him in the most servile way for his forbearance, blustered at the boy, and made elaborate preparations for giving him a hiding. But Mrs. Clemon, hearing the noise, came out and dared her husband to touch the boy. Trengrouse stood by, laughing sardonically and pointing to the card in Mrs. Clemon's window bearing the words, "Hot water may be had here."

Though John Clemon was not popular in Penolver Cove, summer visitors made much of him. He was horribly poor, and his very shiftlessness made him appeal to their imaginations as a typical "character." His love of yarning and anxiety to please contrasted effectively with Trengrouse's bluntness; and, though he was the less able man of the two, it was generally his boat that visitors hired to go whiffing for pollack. Clemon's troop of picturesque, dirty children always hanging about the beach, paddling in the stream, or chasing the brown trout under the little stone bridge, came in handy as models for stray painters. Young ladies raved about the little Clemos and would give them sixpences to sit, while Clemon hung round with a grin of foolish pride, telling stories about their intelligence. On such occasions Trengrouse generally managed to be in the neighbourhood, and, just when everything was going splendidly he would come suddenly round the corner with a disconcerting remark to nobody in particular about school attendance and pauperism.

From the very first Clemon made the mistake of trying to be conciliatory; he had a disastrous habit of turning the other cheek. More than once he made overtures of peace to Trengrouse. One afternoon the old man slipped from the chain-ladder in getting into his boat and sprained his ankle so badly that he was unable to put to sea. Bad weather was brewing, and since nobody else able to handle a boat was at liberty to look after Trengrouse's crab-pots, Clemon offered to do so.

"No, John Clemon," said Trengrouse, looking up from where he sat, grunting with pain, with his back against the quay-wall and his legs outstretched, "I've more sense than to allow you to touch my propetty. Ef the say takes my gear I shall knaw where et is, sure 'nuff."

That night it blew a gale from the south-east, and next morning Trengrouse dragged himself down to the boulders, where he sat grimly watching his battered wicker-cages washing into the Cove.

This was towards the end of the crabbing season, and, since withies were then unobtainable, Trengrouse had to work with less than half his usual number of pots. His increased leisure for watching Clemon seemed to console him for the loss to his pocket. The injury to his ankle was a long time mending, and he walked with difficulty, so that Clemon sometimes found an opportunity for dodging him and pulling out to his pots unobserved. One morning at the end of August, Clemon got down early to the quay and found, to his relief, that Trengrouse was nowhere in sight. He hurriedly lowered his tub of stale gurnet and wrasse for baiting the pots into his boat, ran down the ladder, and pulled out of the Cove with a will. There had been wind, and the sea was a bit lumpy; but Clemon's sense of freedom gave him courage, and as soon as he had cleared the point, he hoisted his little rag of a brown lugsail. His string of pots was shot about three quarters of a mile down the coast, and he was already half-way there, when, looking back, he saw Trengrouse's patched lug dancing behind him. Clemon groaned, and finished his sail in gloomy spirits. He got a little satisfaction out of the discovery that, this morning, Trengrouse had come out not merely to spy upon him. When he reached the first bundle of cork floats that marked his line of pots, he saw that the old man had shot his buoy for buoy, about ten fathoms nearer shore.

Clemon dropped his lug, flung overboard the "kill-lick"—the lump of rock which served him for anchor—and, reaching over the gunwale, shipped the bundle of floats, braced his knees against the thwart, and began to haul in the rope over the bow of the boat. By the time he had pulled in about thirty fathoms of rope and reached the lanyard, two fathoms long, to which the first crab-pot was attached, Trengrouse was already alongside and at work. Hauling in a string of eight crab-pots—a lanyard and crab-pot to every twelve fathoms—each heavily weighted with stone, single-handed, is no easy job, even in calm weather; and to-day the boats were pitching and tumbling like corks in a bucket.

Neither man had much leisure to observe the other, but Clemon could hear Trengrouse grunting and cursing, and, remembering his lame foot, he concluded that the old man was pretty well occupied. As a rule, Clemon was not spurred on by competition, but now it struck him all at once what a fine thing it would be to beat Trengrouse at his own game and give him the slip. Already elated by his catch—which included two large crayfish, a conger, one enormous crab, besides a host of fair-sized ones, and, for once in a way, remarkably few useless spider-crabs—he hauled in the last pot and hastily started re-baiting. When he had baited and shot his fourth pot, he looked round to see how Trengrouse was getting on. Out of the tail of his eye he caught a picture of the old man, leaning well back, just heaving a pot into his boat. Whether at this critical juncture Trengrouse was disconcerted by the attention of his enemy, Clemon could not say, but the next moment the crab-pot heavily plunged into the water and Trengrouse turned a somersault after it, while his boat, released from his weight, kicked up like a horse and slid away over the swell. Trengrouse came to the surface immediately, threshing the water like a dog-fish in a net. He was a poor swimmer at best, and now much hampered by his heavy sea-boots. Clemon flung him an oar which fell short. Trengrouse seemed unable to make towards it, and Clemon guessed with horror that one of his legs was entangled in the rope weighed down by the heavy crab-pot. While he hesitated, Trengrouse's bulky figure rolled over and went down like a shag diving.

Clemon kicked off his sea-boots, and, feeling in his pocket, discovered with joy that he had his clasp-knife with him. Holding the knife between his teeth he plunged into the sea and struck out in the direction where Trengrouse had disappeared. The old man came up under him. Clemon grabbed his thick hair, and for a few seconds they were wallowing together, while Clemon hacked blindly at the lanyard. Freed at last, Trengrouse made an effort to swim, and somehow they reached the nearer boat—which happened to be Trengrouse's.

Trengrouse lay for a few minutes in the bottom of the boat, with his head against a thwart, with closed eyes, gasping and spitting, while Clemon, his ugly face irradiated by a beautiful smile, leaned over him. Presently Trengrouse opened his eyes, and raised himself on his elbows.

"That was a narrer shave for 'ee, Robert Trengrouse," said Clemon, his voice trembling with emotion. Trengrouse turned over, coughed, and spat.

"Es this your boat, John Clemon?" he said faintly.

"Please?" asked Clemon, looking bewildered.

"Do 'ee knaw whose boat you're in?" said Trengrouse, his voice growing stronger.

Clemon's face fell.

"Aw my dear life!" he said, "I didden stop to think o' that when you was drownen."

"Ded I ax you to stop me from drownen; ded I give you leave to hack at my gear?"

Clemon could say nothing. Trengrouse sat up and thumped with his great fist on the bottom boards.

"I'll lev 'ee knaw to come trespassen on my propetty," he said fiercely; "tedden the first time, John Clemon. Get out at wance, you."

Clemon looked at the twenty yards of tumbling, cold, grey water between him and his boat, and his heart failed him.

"Aw gos 'long!" he said ingratiatingly; "et's on'y your auld ugliness!"

"Ugliness or no, I mane et," said Trengrouse, with another thump of his fist. "Will you get out, or must I haa' you into the say?"

Clemon sighed, and, plunging into the water, swam heavily towards his own boat.



A DAY'S ROYAL SPORT AT GLENQUOICH: THE KING AT A DEER DRIVE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT GLENQUOICH.



THE QUARRY IN SIGHT: HIS MAJESTY WAITING FOR A SHOT IN GLENGARRY'S SANCTUARY.

*The King was accompanied by Henderson, Lord Burton's retired head stalker. The scene of the drive was the district round the head of Glenquoich, which used to be known as Glengarry's Sanctuary.*



# THE GERMANS' DISASTROUS LITTLE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: A CONFERENCE.

DRAWN BY OITO GERLACH FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



A GERMAN COLONIAL GOVERNOR HOLDING A PALAVER WITH THE HERREROS.

*The Germans are finding the burden of empire press heavily in South-West Africa, where the Herreros are giving General von Trotha's force a great deal of trouble. It is likely that the expeditionary troops will have to be greatly augmented before the natives are subdued. It has been reported that Boers are being enlisted in the German service, and, although it is said that they are engaged merely as drivers and herds, they each receive a rifle and a hundred rounds of ammunition as soon as they enter German territory.*



THE GERMAN REVERSE IN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: SCENES OF THE HERRERO CAMPAIGN.

DRAWINGS BY O. GERLACH FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



A BATTERY ENTRAINING AT THE RAILWAY STATION AT SWAKOPMUND.



THE MAILED FIST IN AN UNRULY COLONY: CAPTIVE HERREROS, WITH THEIR CATTLE, GUARDED BY GERMAN COLONIAL TROOPS.



IN SPITE OF THE PROPHET: A MOSLEM RULER AS A PHOTOGRAPHER.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE SULTAN OF MOROCCO PHOTOGRAPHING THE LADIES OF HIS HAREM.

*In spite of the Koran's prohibitions, Morocco's Commander of the Faithful has taken to photography with an enthusiasm which, given to statecraft, might have saved his kingdom from the hands of the Giaour. Of all the amusements that have appealed to Mulai Abd-el-Aziz IV., photography must be granted the first place. By the side of the camera, motor-cars, bicycles, and mechanical toys hide their diminished heads in Fez or Marrakesh. Many photographs taken by the Sultan have been published, and he does not hesitate to develop and print his own work. Some two years ago, at the instance of a commercial attaché, he ordered from France ten thousand francs' worth of printing paper. So if the Conference should fail and Morocco be subject to a boycott, the Sultan can remain occupied.*



# A SULTAN'S PHOTOGRAPHS: HOW THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO DEFIES THE PROPHET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY ABDUL-AZIZ.



POSING FOR THE SULTAN.



A HAREM CRITIC OF THE SULTAN'S WORK.



AN ODALISQUE.



TAKEN ON THE SULTAN'S CINEMATOGRAPH: A CYCLE RACE IN THE PALACE.



ANOTHER STAGE OF THE CYCLE RACE, TAKEN ON THE CINEMATOGRAPH.



A THIRD STAGE OF THE CYCLE RACE, TAKEN ON THE CINEMATOGRAPH.



THREE-COLOUR WORK BY THE SULTAN: A HAREM BEAUTY.

*The Sultan of Morocco's devotion to Western scientific toys is considered by some of his critics to be the cause of many of his political troubles. His Imperial Majesty has alienated the sympathy of his conservative subjects by his innovations, and his devotion to the camera, or "the box of Satan," as the Moors call it, is a direct contravention of the law of the Prophet which forbids the making of images of the human form.*



# VARIOUS BOOKS, AND THE PRINCE OF DIARISTS.

## REVIEWERS' VIEWS.

EVERYONE knows the weariness of listening to stodgy people's tittle-tattle, say, in a railway-carriage or in some alien drawing-room. The mental impression left by "Tongues of Gossip" (Unwin) is exactly similar: we are penned into a restricted space where a number of monotonous voices beat about our ears, and whence we escape rather dazed, if still capable of a sigh of relief. Mr. Sherwood's people are narrow-minded, ludicrous in their prejudices, and monstrous dull, but they are not as lacking in perception as the writer who has been ill-judged enough to spread their meagre histories over three hundred pages. There are, of course, provincial parsons as self-sufficient and obtuse as Mr. Baring, women as silly as Mrs. Dane, oafs as uncouth as Richard Goodridge; but nobody wants to meet them in print, because we have more than enough of them in the solid flesh. Here they are clumsily drawn, without a vestige of the satirical art that alone could excuse their portrayal. Mrs. Welsh, who is presumably intended to be a pungent character, is merely vulgar and stupid. As a sample of her sallies we may quote from a letter to a relation with whom she is on moderately good terms. "Can you subscribe to my charity? . . . Old Mrs. Betts gave me a shilling after I'd pressed her. . . . What mean people there are in this world! I gave several shillings and did not grudge them. I hope you will give something, and God will reward you. I have got a new carpet for my drawing-room—it cost £30. Yours would look shabby beside it." This is not even caricature; it is a child scrawling "ugly faces" on a slate.

"The Freemasons," by L. S. Gibson (Chatto and Windus), is a really clever and original story. Miss Gibson must explain to the Freemasons how she comes to know so much about their rites. There is an admirable chapter where the "Worshipful Grand" solemnly inducts a "Master." The scene is deeply impressive because the "Worshipful" has made love to the novice's wife, and has persuaded him to become a "Master Mason" in order that temptation may be removed from the "Worshipful's" path. For that high official, it seems, has to bind himself by solemn oath not to meddle with his brother Masons' domestic preserves. He has meddled pretty considerably already, but this is his renunciation. A new idea in fiction, and no mistake! But what will the "Lodges" say? This book ought to make a great stir in the Fraternity of Aprons, and be the theme of conversation at Masonic dinners—feasts which, to judge from hearsay, must be sadly in need of a filip. The "Worshipful" is a gay doctor, materialist, and hedonist, married to a wife who is "faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." A most exasperating person is Beatrice. She has an income of her own, and will not lend her husband twenty pounds unless she can have an assurance that the money will not be spent on "entertaining ladies with whom I am not acquainted." What is to be done with such a woman? What Miss Gibson does with her is to make her interesting. Everybody in the story is uncommonly well observed, especially Cecily Aveling and her husband, who becomes a Master Mason at the "Worshipful's" suggestion; that official wondering whether "I've stumbled by accident into doing a rather decent thing, or am I a quixotic fool?" The reader may have an opinion quite different from either of these alternatives. But that does not make Miss Gibson's story any less engaging for Masons and others.

"The Black Barque" (Dean) is a rather old-fashioned tale of blood. The narrator is lured on board a slaver, and finds himself in a picturesque crowd of sea-scoundrels, about the year 1815. Howard is the skipper's name, and he is a real Howard, with the blood of all the Howards in his veins. He is also a man whose "foul crimes" have astonished even the East, which can stand a good deal in the criminal line without remark. But he is insignificant to look at, quite small and effeminate. "Just then he turned his gaze to meet mine, and I must admit his eyes gave me quite a turn. They were as glassy and expressionless as those of a fish. His white smooth face, in fact, seemed to express nothing but vacancy. I had never seen a human face so devoid of expression." Captain Howard is expressive enough later on; he expresses himself in gore. He lashes out with a cutlass, accompanied by a cackling laugh. When the barque ships a cargo of slaves, you have a pretty shrewd inkling that the injured black men will give trouble. They do; there's mutiny; there's a fight that lasts thirty pages. The blood of all the Howards is all spilt, and a lot more. Captain Jenkins Hains knows this part of his subject very well. He knows that in a fight of this sort the story-teller must simply daze the reader with the confusion of the sanguinary *mêlée*. We are properly dazed, and turn those thirty pages almost without taking breath. The end of the matter is that a United States frigate looms on the scene with a very unpleasant greeting for any surviving person who is responsible for the slave traffic.

If we do not all become great golfers, it will not be for want of the means of instruction. No longer are we beholden only to the painful lessons of experience or to professional demonstration in quiet corners of the links. Pen and camera have been impressed into the service, to teach us, in the calm of a digestive cigar, to drive a ball far from the tee and to pitch it nicely on the pin, and, from the comfortable recesses of our armchairs, to emerge from bunkers triumphantly and

with unruffled mien. In the particular volume in our hands, "Golf Faults Illustrated" (Newnes), the indefatigable Mr. Beldam improves upon the instructional methods he discovered in his "Great Golfers." Not only have we the mat of sixty-four squares, for the illustration of stance, but also there is erected between the camera and the demonstrator (in this case Mr. J. H. Taylor) a screen divided in a like number of squares, so that the subtleties of swing and finish may be more clearly set forth. True, as Mr. Beldam says, at a first glance at the consequent photographs, it might seem as if Taylor were on exhibition in a travelling menagerie. But the enthusiasm of the golfer, particularly of the golfer who flatters himself that he is still in the improving stage, is proof against the merely ludicrous; and, as a matter of fact, if any book can help one to eradicate error and so to better one's game, it will be this ingenious little volume.

The lady of "My Garden in the City of Gardens" (Lane) has the combination of horticultural and culinary interests that seem indispensable to the woman who sets out to write a commonplace book. Her view of the East is that of the intelligent young mem-sahib—entirely a different person from the flighty hill-widow, or the elderly *burra mem*, whose characteristics this anonymous observer touches in pleasantly—but still, not quite to be relied upon as a gauge wherewith to measure the Indian Empire. It is not as easy as it looks to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Earle, even if you have turned up new ground; and some discretion in the use of the personal pronoun would appear to be a useful thing. "I," says the Indian garden lady, "have laid out the garden severely in square, sunken beds. . . . Round each bed, and up and down each side of the walk, runs a tiny water-course, down which, each morn and eve, the water flows from the well." Her English friends might be misled into assuming that there was something original, the fruit of her inventive genius, about this design, which is common to all Indian gardens. So, the naive description of the broad-leaved plantain, "bananas we call them in Covent Garden . . . which make such excellent fritters," may set the reader smiling for reasons, we think, that would not altogether gratify the author. It is quite a nicely written, pleasing little book, full of good word-pictures of a certain phase of existence. But does the lady mean to be Hunterian when she writes of "Lakhnao"? She may be reminded that Lucknow is a word made on English tongues, and so entitled to English spelling, and that Nakla is the Hindostani designation of her "City of Gardens."

Mr. E. V. Lucas says of his "A Wanderer in Holland" (Methuen) that it is "a series of personal impressions of the Dutch country and the Dutch people, gathered during three visits, together with an accretion of matter, more or less pertinent, drawn from many sources, old and new, to which I hope I have given unity." That exactly describes it. One page yields us an impression of Dutch quietude and greyness, on the next we have a stirring passage from Motley, followed on a third by some examples of Dutch folk-lore. Now it is a note on Jan van Scorel, or Van der Meer van Delft, or Mauve, or Matthew Maris—a statement of personal predilection in painting that is often shrewd art criticism; again, the witty lines of our own Andrew Marvell, or a translation of Bilderdyk's verses or Anna Visscher's. Do we find ourselves in the Hague, for example; then we not only follow its modern sights with the author's eyes, but we read also of its ancient wonders from the "Familiar Letters" of James Howell and the veracious journals of Thomas Coryate, of the "Crudities." And not only are we told Mr. Lucas's personal impressions of the Dutch people, but we are given also Oliver Goldsmith's and Sir William Temple's and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's, and a host of others'. To all this varied matter the unity he hopes for is given by the author's enthusiasm, or at any rate his keenness. His eyes are always open; and whatever interests him he sets down as being interesting to us, and just because of this confidence, it would seem, it generally is so. Moreover, his wanderings follow a clearly defined plan. He has his itinerary mapped out—one which the visitor to Holland will find useful. The route chosen is Harwich to the Hook, advertised by the well-known poster, showing the two ports joined by a chain crossing a grey sea, which is the work, we are here told, of the Dutch artist and patron of the arts, M. Mesdag, who has made over to the nation in his lifetime his house with all its Barbizon treasures. The many branches of the Rhine are crossed and recrossed in a little tour from Rotterdam to Dort and Utrecht. Next from Rotterdam we follow the familiar coast-road, by Delft, the Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, to Amsterdam, and so on through North Holland, among the so-called dead cities and the villages of the Zuyder Zee—probably the most painted and written-about holiday route in all Europe. From Enkhuizen then Mr. Lucas takes us to Friesland and Groningen, and south by the eastern provinces to Zeeland, where he would bid us linger long in the capital, Middelburg, before joining the steamer for home at Flushing. The latter part of this route covers comparatively fresh ground; it is seldom that the wanderer goes so far afield as Kampen and Zwolle and Nymwegen; and, in consequence, Mr. Lucas's book is more comprehensive than most works on Holland outside of the professed guide-books. It is indeed remarkable how much he has seen, and how well he was prepared by reading for seeing it. A guide of the best and most delightful kind his volume is—equally suitable for the portman-teau and the armchair.

## PEPYS' DIARY.

THE history of the amazing study in candour known as the "Diary of Mr. Samuel Pepys" is one of the romances of publishing. We have come so persistently to think of Pepys as the social historian *par excellence* of Restoration days that it is difficult to believe that up to 1825 this immortal farrago of gossip, scandal, entertainment, and history was still reposing unknown, in all the secrecy of its cipher, on the shelves of the "Bibliotheca Pepysiana" at Magdalene. Between the year of its commencement and the date of its publication there is accordingly a gap of more than a century and a half. During all that time the name of Samuel Pepys was not, indeed, unknown. For was he not remembered in naval annals as the indefatigable administrator of the Navy at a critical moment in its history? His zeal and ability as Secretary to the Admiralty would probably have alone secured him honourable mention in the "Dictionary of National Biography." But it was not till 1825 that he made his entry into English literature, stepping from the musty records of Whitehall into undisputed pride of place as the greatest of English diarists.

The delay experienced by Pepys in coming to his literary kingdom has had many curious results. To the uninitiated, the strangest and most vexatious circumstance is the fact that this sparkling record of the Merry Monarchy is still not out of copyright. The early novels of George Eliot any publisher may touch, but not this Diary begun in 1659. The explanation is, of course, simple; but we believe many of our readers will find interest in so strange an item of bibliography. The manuscript—forming the most priceless item in that splendid library which Pepys bequeathed to Magdalene College, Cambridge—was first deciphered about 1820 by the Rev. John Smith, an undergraduate of St. John's, and on this was based the text of Lord Braybrooke's edition, published in 1825. In 1854 appeared the fifth and last edition under Lord Braybrooke's authority. Later, the manuscript was re-deciphered by the Rev. Mynors Bright, whose greatly enlarged edition was completed in 1879. And still the cry was for a more complete text. This was supplied by Mr. Wheatley's revision of the Mynors Bright text in 1896, the final form of which, in eight volumes, was issued in the beginning of this year. It is necessary to point out that we are still without a complete Pepys. Mr. Wheatley gives the curious no hope of immediate satisfaction regarding Mr. Pepys's unpublished—or unprintable—indiscretions. Those who are familiar with his edition will agree that he has made no prudish use of Mr. Bowdler's abhorred shears. But there will probably never be peace until the University of Cambridge consents to issue the missing portions in a ten-guinea supplementary volume. It will only be right that Peeping Tom should pay a stiff price for a final peep at Pepys.

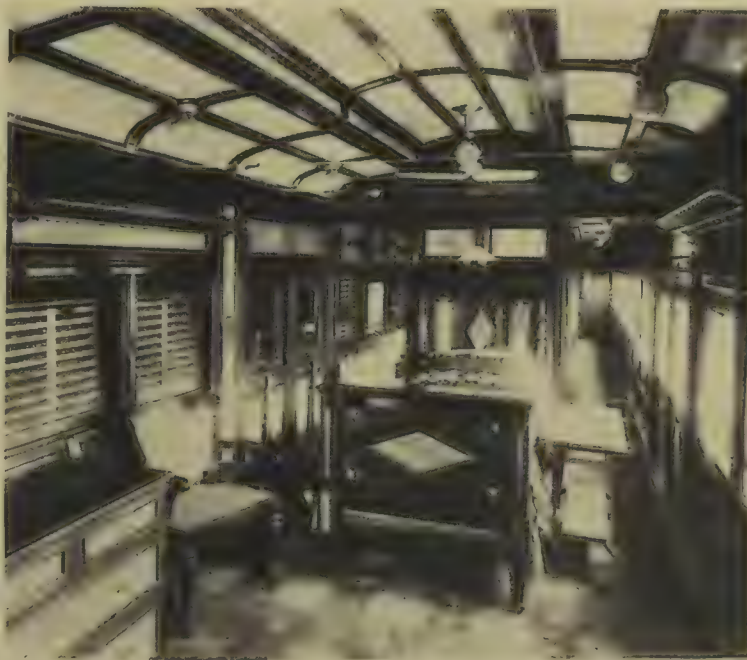
These observations sufficiently account for what will strike many as the remarkable delay of the publishers in according to Pepys the honours of a "Globe Edition" (Macmillan). For that was not possible until 1896. The text which is given in this volume is that of Lord Braybrooke's last edition, with the corrections made upon it by Mr. Mynors Bright. Mr. Gregory Smith has also used his own judgment in the matter of spelling—adopting a compromise which seems to us in completest harmony with common sense. For Peeping Tom the "Globe Edition" has thus no attractions whatever. But many generations of readers have been well content with the Braybrooke version, and this has never before been presented in more attractive form or been furnished with such scholarly equipment. It is high praise, but not a hair's-breadth too high, to say that Professor Gregory Smith's volume will rank with the best of this admirable series. The book is a model of learned and judicious editing. The introduction really introduces; it also awakens interest and kindles enthusiasm. But its special feature is that it affords an invaluable conspectus of the work that follows it. For every fact and statement we have the subjoined reference to the text. The work involved in this is enormous, but every student knows that this is the only really useful kind of introduction. In the days of facile "forewords" and "appreciations," it is a pleasure to encounter and to praise so honest and so sterling a piece of work. The notes have the same character of thoroughness. Professor Gregory Smith has many times before proved that he has the knack of compressing information without depriving his notes of the sap of interest.

There is no doubt that Professor Smith is right in his contention that the vain and amiable Secretary had no thought of his Diary ever being made public. Unfortunately his efforts to secure privacy took the very surest way to provoke curiosity. The history of the Pepys' text, with all its chatter about omissions and bowdlerisation, undoubtedly tends to give a wholly untrue picture of the man. For he was no Restoration libertine, but an eminent public servant, whose vanity and youthful boastfulness—let it be remembered that Pepys was only twenty-seven when he began his Diary—led him to enter many things in his immortal journal to which a truly fair criticism will give no heed. Professor Smith's introduction will enable any reader to approach Pepys' Diary with a full measure of knowledge and understanding. Since the days when the Rev. John Smith impaired his eyesight in first deciphering Pepys' text, no one has done his hero a better service than his namesake, who has here bowed him into the sanctuary of a "Globe Edition."



# THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS FOR HIS INDIAN TOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRIBB AND BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. FROM WAR-SHIP TO YACHT: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S SLEEPING-CABIN AND BATH-ROOM ON BOARD THE "RENOWN."

3. THE ROYAL DINING-SALOON ON BOARD THE "RENOWN."

5. THE FINEST ROLLING STOCK EVER BUILT IN INDIA: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S TRAIN—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S SLEEPING-SALOON.

2. THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S APARTMENT ON BOARD THE "RENOWN."

4. THE ROYAL DRAWING-ROOM ON BOARD THE "RENOWN."

6. THE FINEST ROLLING STOCK EVER BUILT IN INDIA: THE PRINCE OF WALES'S DINING-SALOON IN THE ROYAL TRAIN.





WITH CUPID'S WEAPON: FAIR DISCIPLES OF ROBIN HOOD PRACTISING AT HEARTS.

DRAWN BY C. VILMSHURST.

*A curious, and some will say a degenerate, form of archery is now much in vogue on the Continent. It is practised by ladies who shoot at puppets more or less resembling men. On the breast of every figure is pinned a heart sufficiently broad to offer an easy mark. The range was not very great, but it is presumably in inverse proportion to the amusement.*



# RUIN IN CALABRIA: INCIDENTS AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.



PIZZO: THE WORST-DAMAGED VILLAGE.



THE PEOPLE OF MONTELEONE LIVING IN TENTS.



THE THEATRE OF MARTIRANO, USED AS A HOSPITAL.



THE HOSPITAL AT CATANZARO.



THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT CATANZARO.



SCENES AT MONTELEONE: EXTEMPORISED DWELLINGS.

*After the earthquake the people of Calabria became dwellers in tents. The worst cases of injury were treated in hospitals extemporised in public buildings, the theatre being used at Catanzaro for that purpose.*



THE RHINE FALLS AS MOTIVE POWER: A MENACE TO FINE SCENERY.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



THE FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN, SOON TO BE USED TO DRIVE AN ELECTRIC PLANT.

*The famous falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen are likely to be permanently disfigured by the erection of a great plant that is to turn the power of the water into electricity. Enthusiasts for the beauties of the Rhine scenery have vigorously protested to the Baden Government against this scheme, but without success. The power-station will be at Laufenburg.*



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

## SOME FIGURES ABOUT INSANITY.

Whilst there has never been expressed any reasonable doubt that cases of insanity are markedly more numerous to-day than of yore, and that the increase has been of fairly regular kind, authorities have not agreed regarding the exact nature of the increase in question. One set of experts tell us that the increase is a real one, that it is due to a direct spread, so to speak, of insanity; and they hazard the further opinion that, as we live now, in an age of extreme competition, with every faculty strained to the utmost, we are bound to find more unstable brains than were known to exist in the days of the past. The opposite opinion is of equally definite nature. It denies any actual increase in the number of cases of insanity. It accounts for the bigger figures of to-day on certain plain assumptions. These are, first, that many more cases come for treatment to asylums than of yore; and secondly that this happily beneficent move must in consequence send up the list of the mentally affected.

It is difficult to discern in which direction the exact truth lies. Perhaps the old idea of "safety in the middle way" might be taken as a motto here with advantage. There is an increase of insanity—this much is proved by the enormously increased asylum accommodation which has had to be provided of late years. Suppose we halve matters, and assume for the nonce that part of the increase is due to a greater number of cases, and part to the increasing favour with which asylum treatment is regarded, then, we may be able to adjust differences of opinion which, as represented by expert declarations, it seems hopeless to attempt to reconcile.

This subject has been suggested to my mind by the publication of the fifty-ninth report of the English Commissioners in Lunacy. This is a document which teems with matter at once interesting and suggestive both to the man of science and to the sociologist. In its pages one may find material for thought and speculation regarding the causation of insanity, regarded from a broadly outlined point of view. Take, for instance, a well-illustrated feature of the report—the relation of insanity to locality. I confess the figures here throw one almost off one's mental balance. They seem to show that in sparsely populated districts insanity is more rife than in big centres. We should expect the opposite to be true. The quiet life of the country we should imagine to be productive of the easy mind, while the bustling, strenuous existence of the city we should credit with being an efficient cause of development of an unstable mental equilibrium.

But the figures of the Commissioners of Lunacy seem to reverse this order of ideas. Take some of their figures. Wilts has a population per acre of under 0.5, yet its insane rate is over 4.0 per 1000 of the population. Oxfordshire has about the same density of population: its insane rate is under 4.0 per 1000. Kent is under 1.0 as regards density per acre, yet its insane proportion is under 3.0 per 1000. Now contrast Middlesex. Here the persons per acre are over 2.0, but the lunacy proportion is under 2.5 per 1000. Towns appear to follow the law of counties. Leaving out London, we find, for example, that Bath with 2.5 persons per acre has an insane rate of 4.74 per 1000. At Croydon with 5.9 per acre we have only a lunacy proportion of 1.99 per 1000. Exeter has 19.9 per acre and a rate of 5.13 per 1000, however, which is the highest for any borough. Brighton, with 62.7 to the acre, gives a lunacy-rate of 4.54; the density of population in Brighton, by the way, is stated to be greater than that of London. Liverpool shows less lunacy, it is added, than many a quiet country area.

These, it must be confessed, are startling facts. What is the explanation? We can see that the rule is not without its exceptions—witness Exeter's case. This seems to me to point the need for some shrewd examination of the figures in relation to locality. We may here have to deal with questions of race, of occupation, and the like, such as must always complicate biological problems. Suppose we take the case of Croydon. It is adjacent to the Metropolis, and no doubt numbers of its population journey to and from London, to work and from it, day by day. But life at Croydon is restful enough, as say it is at Watford. Is it that the country residence balances the town employment, and keeps the equilibrium of brain steady? Brighton is also an example of a high insane rate accompanying a great density of population. Brighton and Exeter, here, go hand in hand.

That deeper causes than density of population intervene here, is an idea supported by another series of facts. The Commissioners show that the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and Lincoln are remarkably low in their insane rate. On the other hand, all Wales and the south-western counties of England are high. Now, to my mind, this represents a racial cause of insanity, or rather a racial predisposition to brain-upset, and, if so, the populousness of an area will have less to do with the causation of insanity than at first sight might be supposed. Differences of temperament must unquestionably exercise a vast influence in determining conditions which favour or mar mental stability, and it is precisely such differences that are included as prominent features of race-classifications.

At the very least it seems difficult to comprehend how or why a quiet country life, exempt from the rush and wear and tear of big centres, should contribute heavily to the roll of the insane. If we find notable exceptions, as we do here, we may well be justified in presuming some fallacy or other lurks beneath the figures. Insanity is like genius. We have first to define what insanity is, its varieties, and so forth, before we can decide definitely that locality has any great share in its production at all.

ANDREW WILSON.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

P DALY (Brighton).—Diagram received with thanks.

J R KNOX.—This is the first time we have seen the amended diagram, which shall have our careful attention.

A E CORDEVALE (Cardiff).—Problem to hand with thanks. We will examine and report in due course.

P H WILLIAMS (Hampstead).—Acceptable as usual.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3197 received from J E Ross (Hyderabad, India); of No. 3198 from Waldo W Stevens, Stamford (Conn., U.S.A.); of No. 3200 from W Stevens, Eugene Henry, Ludwig Macher, and C Field junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 3201 from Eugene Henry, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), and Roger S (Hanley); of No. 3202 from F Thorn, Edith Corser (Reigate), G Dunn, Eugene Henry, Hereward, Giovanni Veglio, J D Tucker (Ikley), D Newton (Lisbon), E Hygott (Leicester), John Mathieson (Glasgow), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), G J de Goode (Delft), F E D E (Canterbury), D Weir (Fivemiletown), Colonel Godfrey (Cheltenham), Frank Gowing (Bruce Grove), G Collings (Burgess Hill), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), and Café Glacier (Marseilles).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3203 received from Edith Corser, J Roberts (Hackney), Shadforth, J Stillington Johnson (Cobham), H S Brandreth (Homburg), J D Tucker, F Henderson (Leeds), E J Winter-Wood, F R Pickering (Forest Hill), Charles Burnett, J Willcock, J A Hancock (Bristol), and F Baron (Clifton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3202.—By W. GREENWOOD.

WHITE.

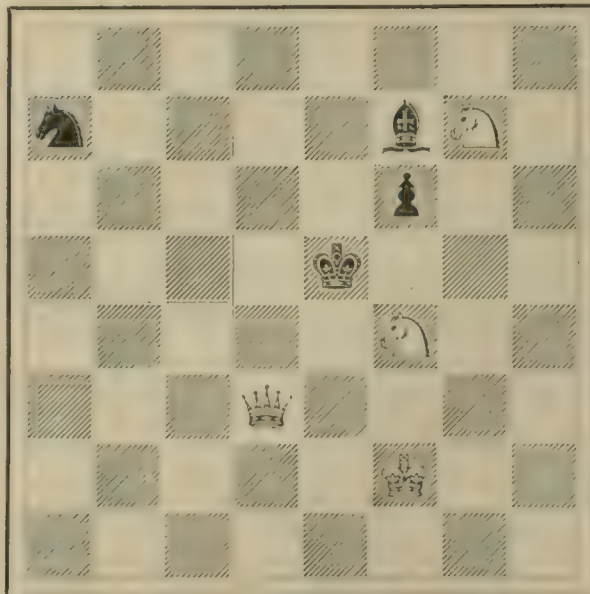
1. Q to B 2nd
2. Kt, Q, or B mates accordingly.

BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 3205.—By G. F. H. PACKER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN BELGIUM.

THREE CHESS SPARKLETS FROM RECENT TOURNAMENTS.  
Game played in Ostend between Messrs. ALAPIN and MARSHALL.  
(Falkbeer Counter Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	10. B to Q 2nd	Kt takes Kt (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	P to Q 4th	11. B takes Kt	Q takes P (ch)
3. P takes Q P	P to K 5th	12. K to B sq	R to Q sq
4. P to Q 3rd			
The first promise of an unconventional game.			
5. P takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	13. P to Q Kt 4th	
6. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes K P		
7. Q to K 2nd	B to Q B 4th		
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to B 4th		
This may not be scientific chess, according to modern standards; but its liveliness is indisputable.			
9. K to Q sq	B to B 7th (ch)	14. Q to K 7th	B to K 3rd
	Castles		Resigns

Game played in the Scheveningen Tournament between Messrs. LEUSSEN and DURAS.

(Double Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. D.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	13. Kt to Kt 5th	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd		
4. B to Kt 5th	B to Kt 5th		
5. Castles	Castles		
6. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
7. Kt to K 2nd	B to Kt 5th		
8. P to B 3rd	B to Q R 4th		
9. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to Kt 3rd		
10. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 2nd		
11. B to Kt 5th	Kt to K 2nd		
P to K R 3rd ought to have preceded this move, which practically loses the game.			
12. B takes Kt	B takes B		
13. Kt to R 5th			

Another Game played in the Scheveningen Tournament between Messrs. BLACKBURN and LEONHARDT.

(Zukertort's Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	11. P to Q Kt 4th	P to B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q B 4th	12. P to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th
3. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	13. R to Kt sq	P to Q Kt 3rd
4. Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P	14. K Kt to Q 2nd	Q takes P
5. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd		
6. B to Q 3rd	B to Q 3rd		
7. Castles	B to Q 2nd		
8. P to Q B 3rd			
The game presents some interesting deviation from the ordinary Queen's Pawn opening, but rather for the benefit of Black.			
9. R to K sq	Q to B 2nd	15. Kt to Q Kt 3rd	Kt takes Kt
10. Kt to B sq	Kt to K 2nd	16. B to Kt 2nd	
	Castles Q R		
The indication in White's last move of an attack on the King in the event of Castles K R probably inspired this reply, but it would have been far better to have faced			
		17. P takes Kt	Q to Kt 5th
		18. R to R sq	K to Kt 2nd
		19. R takes K P	B takes P
		20. Q takes B	B takes B
		21. R to R 4th	Resigns.

The death is announced of M. Arnoux de Rivière, who of late years had been best known for his management of the Monte Carlo tournaments, from which he will be greatly missed. In the palmiest days of the Second Empire, however, he was one of the foremost players in France, and met on equal terms all the great Continental masters, while against Morphy he made as good a fight as anybody. He gave up serious play after the Paris Tournament of 1867, and thereafter his attentions were confined to the editing of various chess columns in the French Press, and in organising meetings at Monte Carlo and elsewhere.

## THE PICTURE CITY.

Whether you approach the city from sea or land, the white walls of Mogador welcome you from afar, suggesting a measure of rest and ease after long days of travel. Landwards, five miles of pitiless sand dunes, dotted here and there with broom, serve to separate the Picture City from the Argan Forest, and the path is hard to follow. Seawards, the approach is easier. Past the island that serves now to house suspected travellers in times of epidemic and blue-rock pigeons all the year round, one enters the best port in the possession of his Shareefian Majesty. Boats can go up to the water-gate; where grave Moors sit in receipt of custom and give you admission to their city of white houses and clean streets. Only the south-west wind can reach the harbour, and for the greater part of the year the north-east trade keeps the city pure, despite primitive sanitation, while the sun shines with a good grace. So the commercially minded inhabitants do what trade they may under most favourable conditions, lying with unction and circumstance in their pursuit of the elusive goddess Profit, and grumbling when the one wind that is apt to serve them ill keeps coast-bound ships from calling.

Mogador is a city of pleasant deceptions. As you approach its walls, the countless fortifications seem to testify to the might of the Moor; when you come to examine them, they are almost as obsolete as the guns that deck them—weapons that, did Great Britain control Morocco, would doubtless be sent home for our Volunteer Artillery. Flags of all the world's most Christian nations flutter o' Sundays from the flat house-tops, and you imagine a shrewd diplomacy busily directing affairs of State. When you have been in the place a week you begin to realise that many citizens do no more than wish to justify the city's charming name, and, after all, if a man should possess a flag of Patagonia or Korea or Baluchistan, why should he not elect himself representative of the interests of one of those neglected lands? In the tiny shops of the Mellah or Salted Place, chief abode of the Jews, are many bargains, but they, too, are part of the general deception. So are the auction-sales that lend such a wealth of colour to local life.

But the climate does not deceive. It is of rare excellence. Sun and breeze wander hand in hand through all the city's byways, there is little rain, and yet plenty of good drinking-water, brought in covered conduit from the springs of Diabat. Rents are not too high, and living is cheap; a delightful vegetable-garden thrives outside the city walls, fruit is plentiful, and for the rest I have seen a fat sheep sold for four shillings and a tolerable bullock for twenty-eight.

There are two Kasbahs, or Government quarters, and two Mellahs, and there is a European quarter too, established because Unbelievers are said to raise rents. Industrious Moors labour in the bazaars throughout the hours of light at the making of brasswork, cloth goods, and wooden furniture. Day by day camels come across the desert with esparto-grass, gums, and hides, but French development to the south and east has made the caravan trade of small account, and the times when ivory, gold-dust, and slaves passed under the Saffi Gate before the eyes of admiring natives will return no more. Those days are not so remote. Very old men alive to-day may have seen in their infancy veterans who remembered the building of the Picture City. Less than a hundred and fifty years have passed since it was set up by Mohammed-bin-Abdullah, who had sold the trade of Saffi and Sallee to the Danes, and, by making Mogador a free port, turned all their gold to dross—triumphing over the Infidel by grace of Allah and his Prophet, and showing that before the era of devil-guns and devil-ships the Crescent could hold its own against the Cross.

The Jews are everywhere. Most of the trade is in their hands. They have four schools, synagogues without stint, a cemetery—and a society for their conversion that has been established for some thirty years, and must be very easily satisfied if it can regard its achievements with satisfaction. True Believers boast three fine Mosques, and the Franciscan monks own a chapel; but the *odium theologicum* is not too much in evidence. Though each knows that Paradise is not for his companions, Catholics, Jews, and Moors are known to fraternise as they stroll at sunset or sunrise from the water-port to the great fortress that was built in a night by the Portuguese, who, of course, obtained the aid of devils.

Travellers leaving for the interior and requiring such trifles as kitchen utensils and cutlery may buy all they ask for in the bazaars. Cutlery has Sheffield marks, and there is a fine air of British manufacture about the outside of packages, but, as is so often the case nearer home, your British manufacturer is none other than a German in disguise. The rubbish, almost incapable of serving a month's apprenticeship to utility, has all been made in the Fatherland, and sent over fairly as tributes to German commercial morality. However, they testify to the presence of German trade, and as there is nothing like them to be seen elsewhere, the alleged German claim to the Picture City is susceptible of explanation.

But I would not import politics into a brief note of praise. Suffice it that throughout the land of Morocco there is no city more beautiful than Mogador, none holding a more commanding position or better served by Nature. Its infinite strategic possibilities may be overlooked; its commercial advantages cannot be denied. It is a key to the province of Haha, where the great Argan Forest stretches through three days' journey. It opens the gates of the Sus, where there are cities unvisited by Christian men, and stands on the verge of lands whose mineral wealth is credibly reported to be remarkable. Southward lie the closed ports, and the rivers Draa and Nun that pass through virgin lands.

In days to come, when the question of Morocco's future is settled, Mogador will be the most important town on the country's Atlantic seaboard. Then, doubtless, it will cease to deserve its proud title of the Picture City.

S. L. BENSUSAN.



# A GREAT ROMANTIC ACTOR IN A NEW PART, AND HIS SUPPORTERS.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON'S PRODUCTION OF "THE CONQUEROR," AT THE SCALA THEATRE.

There is great curiosity as to the authorship of "The Conqueror." The playbill bears the name of R. E. Fyffe, rightly identified by certain scribes with the Duchess of Sutherland. On another page our dramatic critic discusses the play.



DRAWN BY A. I. RUSSELL.



A GAME OF TENNIS IN THE TIME OF HENRY VII.

*As far as is known, tennis originated in the thirteenth century, and was called on the Continent "La Paume," because the ball was first struck with the open hand before the introduction of the racquet. In the fifteenth century there was a court in Windsor Castle, and a very fine though late example is still preserved at Hampton Court. On the left, the netted enclosure is known as the side pent-house, at right angles to which is the end pent-house against the end wall. The right-hand wall is known as the main wall. The line down the centre is known as the half-court line. On the extreme right of the end wall, just below the pent-house eaves, is the grille. If a good service enters the grille the server scores. The game is far more elaborate than lawn-tennis.*



THE TRIUMPH OF THE MOTOR-OMNIBUS AFTER SEVENTY YEARS.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.



STEAM-CARRIAGE AND STAGE-COACH: THE FIRST MOTOR-BUS IN LONDON, 1833.

*The motor-bus, now almost a commonplace of the London streets, is not so new as the present generation imagines. In 1833 the "Enterprise," which bears a certain general resemblance to the "Vanguard" of the present day, ran regularly between Paddington and the City, and was mechanically successful. Steam, of course, was the motive power.*



## LADIES' PAGE.

In honour of the visit of the Princess of Wales to India, this being the first time that a future Empress has ever set foot on the soil of the great dependency, it is announced that ladies of the various communities that generally seclude their women are to be united in welcoming festivities and to meet at receptions held by her Royal Highness. To some extent, this good work of breaking down the barriers that keep the women of India apart from one another and debarred from any interest in outside things has been begun by the philanthropic work of other Englishwomen. On several occasions, when the wife of some English functionary, who had herself in some notable fashion helped the natives, was leaving India, a gathering of the women of the different communities was permitted to bid the Englishwoman farewell. The Princess of Wales will naturally be more powerful in this direction than any subject's wife, and it is an incidental result of her visit that will assuredly please her Royal Highness greatly.

It ought to be, as in some but too few cases it already is, a recognised pleasure of wealth and greatness to be able easily to confer social and personal benefits. I say that too often this privilege is not recognised by those who own the means to exercise it; yet I know well that many of the instances in which it is perceived and practically applied remain unnoticed by all but the recipients of the benefit. A few weeks ago the tireless benevolence of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts was being quietly used on behalf of the omnibus-drivers going down Piccadilly, to whom she caused to be distributed holland hat-shades to protect their necks from the sun during the spell of hot weather; a mere "cup of cold water" in the midst of her great charities, but lovely with the personal touch of kindly feeling. Miss Helen Gould, "the Lady Burdett-Coutts of America," to whom also no gracious work is too great or too small, has availed herself of an opportunity to reward a little lad for an act of wisdom and kindness that there is no society to recognise. This small boy perceived a landslip on a railroad, and, though he was but nine years of age, he had the sense and good-feeling to go to meet the next train and "flag" it to stop with his red neckerchief. Miss Gould has charged her purse with his education till he has passed through college. Some little time ago, I heard privately of an exactly similar quiet piece of benevolence on the part of the Empress Eugénie. An account of an heroic rescue from drowning performed by a small boy in the North of England appeared in the newspapers, and the Empress had a letter written to the Catholic priest of the town requesting him to inform her if the facts were correct, and if the boy needed any assistance in life. The reply of the priest being in the affirmative to both questions, the Empress forwarded a considerable sum of money to the priest to be applied during several years to the lad's advancement.

Lady Byron, the insulted and neglected wife of the poet, was constantly doing some "good by stealth" in like manner throughout her long life. It is mentioned

that for several years she assisted the late Dr. George MacDonald to live while he developed his literary ability and made his position in the world of letters. Lady Byron once sent unsolicited to Miss Martineau a private gift of two hundred pounds for her charities, of which the recipient made a characteristic use, spending it not on what would usually be called charity, but on supplying an isolated row of houses with water. There is something peculiarly attractive about the secrecy and quietness of such actions as those just mentioned. But a charity is not the less admirable because it is done on a scale that necessarily implies publicity. The Queen of Roumania, the beautiful and gifted poetess "Carmen Sylva," has lately reached her sixtieth birthday, and in celebration of the event she has founded a refuge for aged persons and incurable invalids—a very tender birthday fête!

The time that is most difficult to fill up at the present season of the year is that which lapses between the

falling of early dusk and the hour when it is reasonable to start the electric-light or lamp. In that gloaming hour Longfellow's suggestion that the children should be told tales is not unworthy of remembrance. They love a peaceful hour devoted to this amusement, and it will linger in their memory throughout life's troubles and feverish excitements. Not everybody has the faculty of story-telling; but some have it so well developed that it has been seriously adopted as a profession by a few enterprising ladies. They do not tell original tales always, however. The one who started the idea, for instance, tells the story of Spenser's "Faery Queen" to her elder juvenile audiences, and for the juniors she finds portions of Dickens admirably suitable. This idea may be of use to the family story-teller. Hence I pass it on. The attempt to produce original stories may often be a failure where the repetition of some of the masterpieces of literature in simple words would be entirely successful. Charles and Mary Lamb's "Tales from Shakspeare" and Mrs. Haweis's "Tales from Chaucer" were, of course, the same idea carried out in print; but children can understand more easily when the story is actually recited to them in the narrator's own simple language than they can in writing, however careful.

There is yet much alteration to be made in sentiment and custom before women who "get wisdom" will be able to reap as full a return for their possession

several of the chief prizes at Aberdeen, and then proceeded to Cambridge, and came out in the first class of the Classical Tripos in Part I. in 1903, and first class in Part II. in 1904. Surely she is worthy of her new good fortune!

Lady Savile's cabochon emeralds attracted much attention at Newmarket on her white embroidered muslin gown, for this fashion of setting jewels is coming into great favour. The solid mass of stones of a deep colour set in this manner is perhaps more effective than the thinner "cut" gem, and the cabochon stones are set so that no surrounding framework is visible, and you get the fullest effect of the colour of the gem. Rubies, emeralds, and those stones that are little esteemed merely because they are comparatively inexpensive, garnets, are all favourably shown "en cabochon."

The garnet when so cut is known as a carbuncle, and holds very rich, deep lights of a wine-red. The ancient Roman taste for carbuncles was strong, and so it would be among us but for the cheapness of the garnet nowadays. Noah is fabled to have had no other light in the Ark than that given forth from huge carbuncles. The name of the garnet is derived from the pomegranate, the seeds of which are of the same rich red as the stone. Another ornamental object (a stone one must not call it) that is coming into renewed favour is coral. A finely matched string of coral beads of a delicate pink colour is by no means inexpensive, and the pretty colour is very becoming to those whom it suits, and cannot be supplied by any other ornaments. Coral earrings, round balls or oval drops, quite small and of the finest pink colour and high polish, are rather fashionable just now. Jewellery ought to be worn with regard to its decorative effect, and not merely with a vulgar desire to display the wearer's wealth.



THE LATEST FASHION FOR AUTUMN.

On a dark cloth "double-decker" gown, which would look well with the tunic Princess-fashion, are placed revers of a lighter shade of cloth, embroidered in squares; inner vest of velvet with silver buttons.

of "the principal thing" as men do. Not only are nearly all the professions in which a University graduate uses his brain for profit, with all its acquired knowledge and trained skill, still closed to women by either custom or law—the Bar, the Church, the Army, the Stock Exchange, the Indian Civil Service, all out of reach—but even in regard to further study and to teaching appointments they are at a great disadvantage. The delightful "Fellowships" of the old Universities seem to me to offer the most Paradisaical provision for life possible. To become possessed of one of the nicest suites of chambers looking out upon a

peaceful garden at Oxford, with a few hundreds a year income, on purpose to devote oneself to precisely the line of study that one finds most attractive—what can be more enchanting? Then the next best provision for life must be to hold a snug professorship, to teach the topic that one understands to generation after generation of keen, bright young students of it! Well, there are just three Fellowships of Newnham; and there are a very few cases of professorships being given to women in colleges here and there. But the very first University appointments have recently been made, and they are only to assistant-professorships. The Professor of Latin (Humanity) at Aberdeen University has nominated as his assistants two ladies—Miss M. Thompson and Miss Johanna Forbes—and the University Court has confirmed the appointment. Both ladies are very distinguished in their subject. Miss Thompson, in particular, holds exceptional distinctions, as she first graduated with high classical honours and taking

with a good figure without attracting remarks by the singularity. It needs a really good figure to outline the shape so closely as is done by this cut, but there is nothing (except a riding-habit) in which a svelte and tall figure is seen to better advantage. Only the softest materials can be used for this style, and cashmere, the new-old fabric of the season, is quite the thing. For evening wear, velvet in this shape has a stately effect, and crêpe-de-Chine gives a very graceful result. The Princess robe of the moment is relieved by a few folds from the shoulder to the waist, or narrowing into the waist and thence slightly widening out to the feet, always in the front, while the sides and back fit very accurately. On a Princess-cut dinner-dress of heliotrope satin Messaline a fichu of filmy old Alençon lace was put, the ends tucking into a bow of the satin just above the waist. The modern Parisian modiste does not allow any stiffness to appear, as we are not yet again in an era of skin-tight corsets at all. One quite new model of a Princess dress, just over from a big Paris house, had a few pleats laid gracefully sloping in to the waist from the shoulder-seam, and thence again folded outwards to the knees, where they merged into fulness, the pleats being held in position by several strips of elastic behind them, to which their under edges were invisibly fastened. The material was the very finest face-cloth in nut-brown, and along the shoulder-seam, so that the pleats started beneath it, was a band to cover the shoulder of passementerie in brown and gold cord and tiny gold beads; then there was a line of the same starting at each side of the bottom edge of the pleats and passing all round the skirt, so as to head the fulness of the foot of the skirt. Down the centre line of the pleats to the waist only was a dainty, puffily folded fichu of blue crêpe-de-Chine, under which was concealed the fastening of the robe. The long "redingote" form of coat that is now fashionable is, of course, like a Princess dress; but the falling open of the coat a little below the waist diminishes the severity of the cut just where it is most difficult for the figure. Dark-green, myrtle, or bottle-green, by the way, is the prevailing colour for the new cloth coats of this persuasion. For a stout figure, the make of a redingote can be further modified by cutting the front off, like an Eton coat, and inserting a folded silk belt, which carries the edge of the Eton at the top and the basque of the cloth below.

FILOMENA.



A SEASONABLE TEA-GOWN.

Velvet of a rich dark colour, such as russet-brown or crimson, is made up with a cross-over bodice, and a fichu and panel of old lace.



## A DIZZY TASK: THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE GREAT ZAMBESI BRIDGE.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



AT WORK ON THE GREAT GIRDERS OF THE VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE ON THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILWAY.

*The bridge rises to a height of about four hundred feet above the river. It was built on the cantilever principle, and the structure was begun simultaneously from both sides of the gorge through which the Zambesi rushes below the Falls. When the two sides were joined they were found to fit perfectly, so unerring had been the calculations of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the engineer, and his staff. Below the works was hung a great travelling-cradle to catch falling men and tools.*



## THE VICTORIA FALLS BRIDGE.

This grand bridge, schemed by the late Mr. Rhodes, engineered and completed by Sir Charles Metcalfe, Bart., was opened by Professor Darwin, who, with other members of the British Association, while on tour in

when the Professor handed the staff to the driver, passed over the bridge, thus uniting the country on each side of the Zambesi and forming an important link in the Cape-Cairo Railway.

This bridge was completed a short time ago. The building was started simultaneously from both sides

proportion, it may well be looked upon as a most perfect engineering feat, for which every credit is due to Sir Charles Metcalfe and his able staff.

Close by is a large and well-built hotel, most suitably fitted and as comfortably provided with every want for the inner man, and it will, doubtless, become a resort

Lord Savile.



Lady Savile.

[Photo. D. Knights-Whitmore, Sutton, Surrey.]

## THE KING AT RUFFORD ABBEY: HIS MAJESTY AND THE HOUSE-PARTY.

Just before his departure for Scotland the King stayed at Rufford Abbey as the guest of Lord and Lady Savile.

South Africa, had visited the Victoria Falls, with Livingstone's Island standing boldly out on the edge of the cataract, and the many other points of interest round this part of the Zambesi.

The Professor was received by Mr. R. T. Coryndon, the Administrator, in the middle of the bridge, where he cut the rope blocking the passage, and declared the bridge open. This was followed by the train, which,

across the deep and almost perpendicular-sided crevice through which that monster river rushes with all the force, splashing, and noise concomitant to the deep, narrow bed it has to traverse; and when the two sides were joined in the centre they were found to fit in perfectly, so unerring was the calculation and successful the work.

When we consider that the Victoria Falls Bridge rises to a height of 400 feet, and that the span is in

in the future for travellers who enjoy good shooting and magnificent fishing and have an ambition to look upon the grandest and most wonderful waterfall in the world.

The Victoria Falls, so named by that intrepid traveller, Dr. Livingstone, were originally called by the Makololo Kaffirs, and are still to this day, "Mosi on tunya," literally meaning, "Smoke sounds there";

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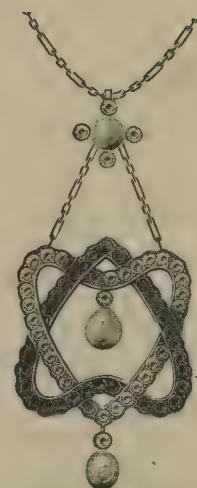
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and at first sight, when a considerable distance off, it bears out its name, and apparent smoke is seen ascending.

The Falls have a curious appearance. It seems as if the bed of the river were cut right across from left to right bank, forming a deep, narrow gorge; or as if the hard basaltic rock through which the river flows, and which forms all the adjacent hills, had at one time split and formed this incomprehensible channel for its course.

The river above the Falls is navigable, and flows smoothly amidst its numerous lovely islands as though nothing could disturb it, till, increasing in force within the last few miles, it drops over the edge of the Falls, as if disappearing into some huge cauldron 100 to 300 feet deep, into a chasm, which at the top varies not more than from 80 to 100 feet. Just at this point the escarpment is severely perpendicular. The river is here over a mile broad, and, at a distance of, say, about 600 yards from the left or western bank and some 1300 from the other bank, there is a narrow outlet, some 30 yards in width, which turns out direct from the Falls for a distance of quite 100 yards; and yet the majestic Zambesi, with its overflowing banks, in season, forces its way through this deep but insignificant outlet, with the roar of many voices; and the rush—well, it must be seen to be duly appreciated.

Thence the river winds its way through a series of zig-zag crevices, formed through this mountainous district of basaltic rock, for over forty miles, when the river opens out and becomes navigable on to the Kerabassa Rapids, above Tete, whence it is navigable to the delta running into the Indian Ocean and known as the Southern Zambesi.

This side of the Falls, with the endless zigzags through which the river runs, was last week depicted in one of our sketches; it is a sight grand in the extreme—fearful in its terrible deafening rush—filling



Photo. Dannenberg.

A VETERAN OF THE SEAS: A CENTENARIAN SAILING-VESSEL.

*The old teak-built sailing-ship "Myrtle," built in 1807, is now lying near Allona. While the vessel was being towed from Portsmouth to a German port she was driven ashore by a gale, and although she once represented a large sum of money she will probably never be removed from her present position on account of her great age.*

one with a sense of awe, not surpassed elsewhere. To one gazing at the approach to the Falls, from the river above, the sight was both picturesque and grand. With dignity and splendour, imperceptibly, like the treacherous tide, with ever-increasing rapidity and stealth, on came the grand and immense volume of water, dividing gracefully past the many sylvan isles.

On either side of the Falls, and to the south of them through which the river passes in the gorge, are ranges of mountains rising from 300 to 400 feet. They are closely covered with trees and jungle, save where in barren spots or through some other cause the reddish-brown soil peers through. The vegetation on the islands and on the banks is very prolific, and the brightness and variegation of colour is pleasing—more so if you happen to be there in the spring, when the variegated shade of foliage is charming. Graceful palms break the outline or stand out distinct against the thicker foliage,

artists that, even with an umbrella, which I did not possess, they will require both care and rapidity of work to get a sketch. Non-artists must take the precaution of being provided with good waterproofs if they wish thoroughly to examine the Falls themselves, the Palm Kloof, Rain Forest, and the Park—all of which are well worthy of a visit.

Twenty years ago, when Sir M— B—, Colonel W—, and the writer were on an early African hunting trip, the first two walked, on account of the tsetse fly, five days to the Falls and five days return, after spending three days on the Zambesi, and felt highly pleased and rewarded for their tramp.

Having lost our provisions by the capsizing of a boat, our food for the greater portion of the time consisted of dampers made of mealies crushed as meal, or Kaffir corn, and what game our guns brought. How different to-day—a hotel where no traveller need want!

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 Polly, come on"; "What's the row"; "Pretty Polly, nice little girl";  
 "Mary, Mary Ann"; "Call the dog"; "Come on mother, kiss Polly";  
 "She's a nice girl now"; "Go away, get outside, you old black Jew";  
 "What's the matter, eh"; "Get out, who are you"; "Shut the door,  
 and sit down by the fire"; "Put a shawl on mother, it's cold"; "Mother's  
 love." It imitates police whistle, cat, dog, newsboy, and many others.

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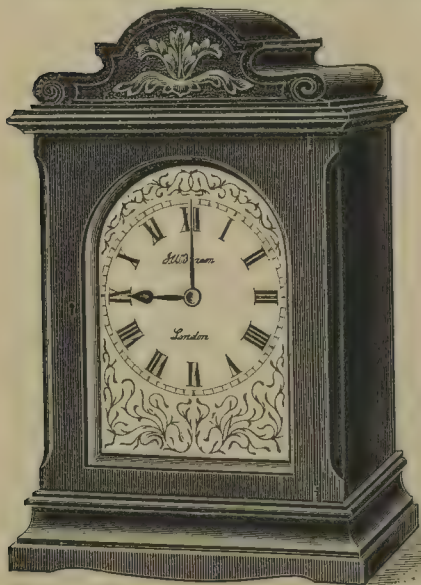
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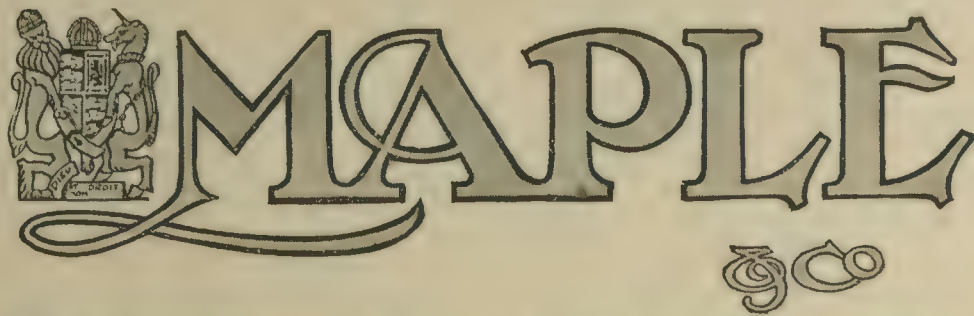
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of Mr. HENRY WRIGLEY, J.P., of Hillside, Chislehurst, who died on Aug. 26, was proved on Sept. 16 by Mrs. Maria Wrigley, the widow, Edgar Wrigley, the son, and Miss Violet Wrigley, the daughter, the value of the real and personal property being £105,056. The testator gives £10,000, in trust, for each of his sons Gerald Bertram and Ronald; £5000, in trust, for his son Henry Taylor; £1000 to and £10,000 in trust for each of his daughters Violet, Marie, and Edith; and £5000, and the household effects, to his wife, who is otherwise well provided for. All other his property he leaves to his sons Edgar and Alfred.

The will (dated April 13, 1904) of Mr. NICHOLAS WERTHEIM, of Stone Croft, Cleve Road, West

Selz, and Max Reichenbach, the value of the estate being £140,152. The testator gives £1000 and the income from all his property to his wife. On her decease £12,500 is to be held, in trust, for his son Alexander; £100 per annum paid to Mrs. Friederika Grunsfell, and her son Hans, should he survive her; and the ultimate residue held, in trust, for his children Rudolf, Bruno, and Mrs. Hanni Selz, in equal shares.

The will (dated April 25, 1901), with two codicils, of Mr. WILLIAM BRUCE DICK, of Carrick Grange,

each to the Scottish Corporation and the Hospital for Incurables (Wandsworth); £100 per annum to Mrs. Nellie Hunter; and an annuity of £52 to his old nurse, Catherine Barr; sixteen hundredths of the residue of his property he leaves to each of his



THE NEW TOWN HALL, WALSTALL.

The splendid new Town Hall of Walsall, which is necessitated by the growing needs of the municipality, was opened on September 27.

Hampstead, and Tokenhouse Buildings, E.C., who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Sept. 16 by Mrs. Charlotte Wertheim, the widow, Rudolf Wertheim, the son, Rudolf

children; £156 per annum Asprey and Gordon Kerr; £100 each to the General Infirmary and the Western

Sevenoaks, chairman of W. B. Dick and Co., 33, Eastcheap, who died on July 11, was proved on Sept. 14 by William Bruce Dick, the son, George Lucas Pardington, Frederick Richard Leftwich, and John Ebenezer Rankin, the value of the estate being £233,349. The testator gives his shares in W. B. Dick and Co., and Dick, Kerr and Co., to his each to his sons Harry

children William Bruce, Charles Edward, and Jessie Pardington; twelve hundredths each to his children Margaret Annie, Minnie Tennant, and Alice Kate; and eight hundredths each to his daughters, Mary Bruce and Fanny.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1900) of BARON NATHANIEL VON ROTHSCHILD, of Vienna, who died on June 12, has been proved by Baron Albert Solomon Anselm von Rothschild, the brother, the value of the property in England amounting to £25,634. The testator gives 10,000,000 florins to any charitable institution established under his name for those unhappy beings who, by reason of chronic or incurable maladies, are incapable of earning a living, and are without means, and who are not admitted to hospitals or are discharged uncured; 1,000,000 florins for charitable institutions in Vienna; 20,000 florins for the poor of Vienna; 20,000 florins for



Photo. Topical Press.

## COLLAPSE OF AN ANTWERP QUAY: A CURIOUS INTERRUPTION TO SHIPPING TRAFFIC.

Owing to a land subsidence, part of the south quay at Antwerp collapsed. The water-mains burst, and the cranes and railway-line were buried. Two thousand men are working hard to repair the damage and prevent a further collapse. The subsidence is 450 feet long, 18 feet wide, and 3 feet deep. The coping-stone of the wall is cracked. No ships can moor alongside the quay at present, and all the merchandise has had to be removed from the wharves.

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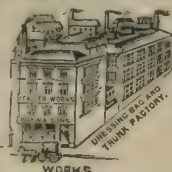
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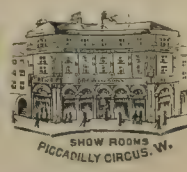


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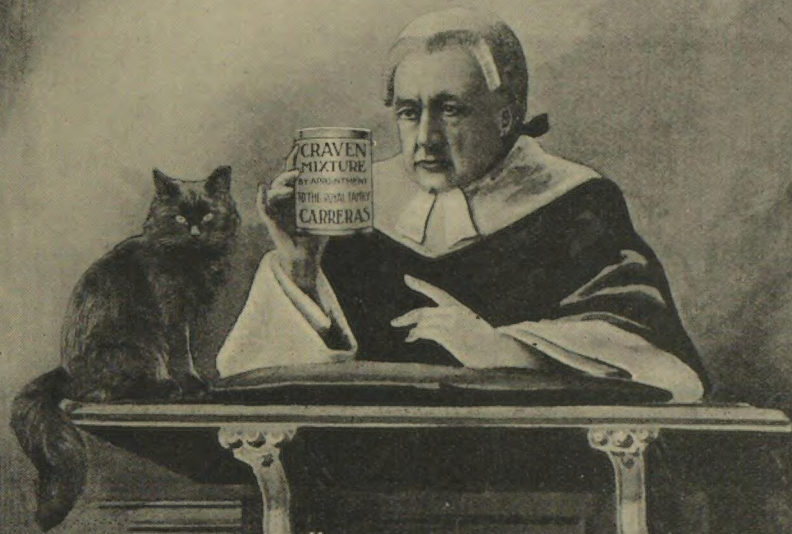
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Cure any IRRITATION or SORENESS of the THROAT.  
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1905

*maintains its forty years' reputation  
for superior quality, perfect aroma,  
and universal popularity."*

ASK FOR MILD AND EXTRA MILD.

J. M. BARRIE says: "What I call the 'Arcadia' in 'My Lady Nicotine' is the Craven Mixture, and no other."

Do not fail to give a trial to the "CRAVEN" CIGARETTE,  
THE CIGARETTE OF DISTINCTION.

## Within this jar

there is more of the  
real substance of Beef  
—and a higher quality  
of Beef—than in any  
other Meat Extract jar  
of equal size.

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The only  
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THE extraordinary successes which have accrued to the Daimler Car in all competitive tests, such as hill-climbing, convenience, practicability, and elegance, is the main theme of conversation amongst motorists.

The reasons are not far to seek: effective transmission of power, painstaking attention to every detail, scientific construction, mathematical accuracy obtained by standardisation with consequent speedy and sure interchangeability of parts.

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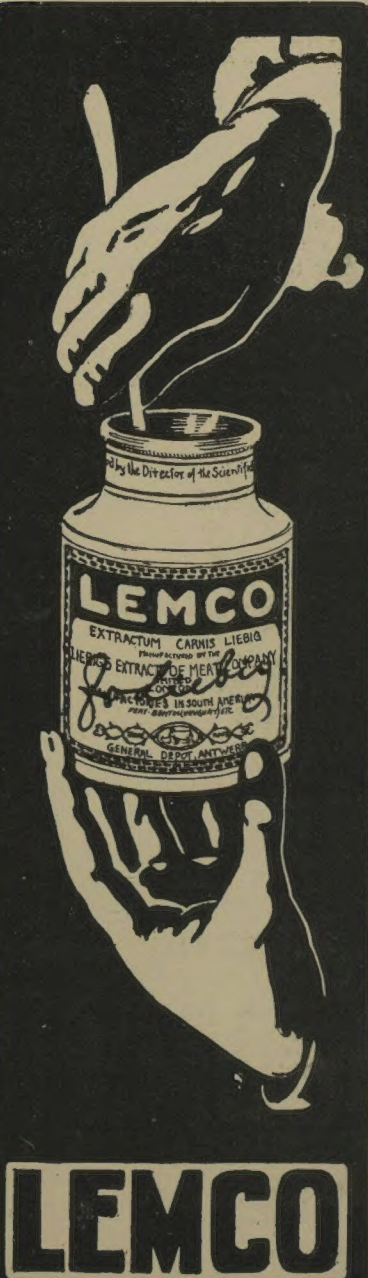
Preserve, Restore, and Beautify it,  
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## ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL

It closely resembles the natural oil in the hair which nature provides for its preservation. The want of this makes the hair dry and thin, and causes baldness.  
For Fair or Grey Hair use GOLDEN MACASSAR OIL. Sizes: 3/6, 7/6, 10/6.

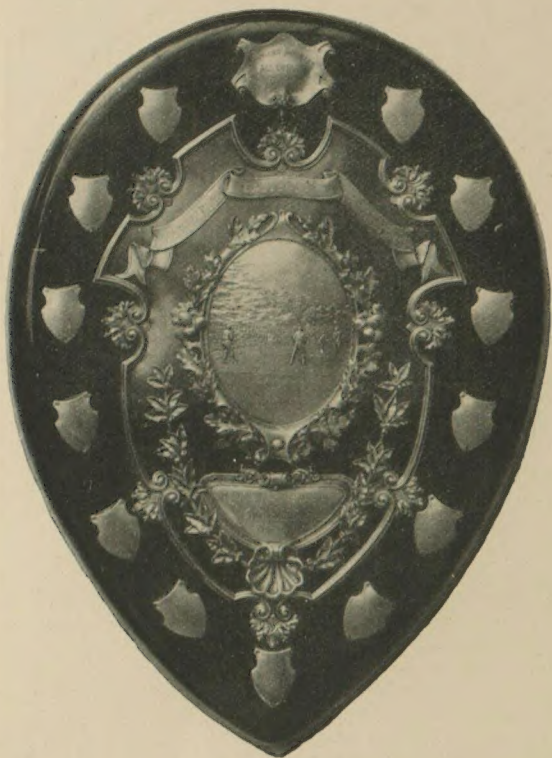
## ROWLAND'S ODONTO

Whitens the Teeth, Prevents Decay, Sweetens the Breath, 2/6. Sold by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, Hatton Garden, London.





the needy persons at his Manor of Schillersdorf; 10,000 florins for the needy persons at Engesfeld; 40,000 marks to the Charlottenstift at Hultschin; and 40,000 marks to the Poor-house at Schillersdorf. He gives his one twelfth share in the main house at Frankfort to his



A LAWN TENNIS SHIELD.

The shield, which was competed for in the Veterans' Doubles All-England Championship at the Eastbourne Lawn Tennis Tournament, was supplied by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Queen Victoria Street, Oxford Street, and Regent Street.

male issue, and in default thereof to his brother Albert, and he appoints him his universal heir.

The Brighton Railway Company are announcing that the "Brighton in sixty minutes" Pullman Limited Express will resume running every Sunday on and

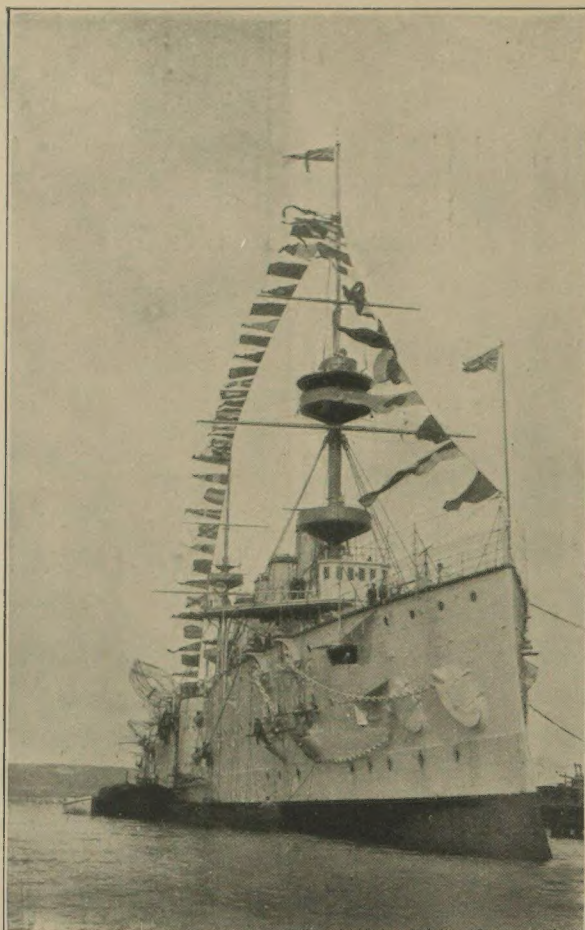


Photo. Cribb.

THE ESCORT OF THE "RENOUN": H.M.S. "TERRIBLE," PAINTED WHITE AND DRESSED.

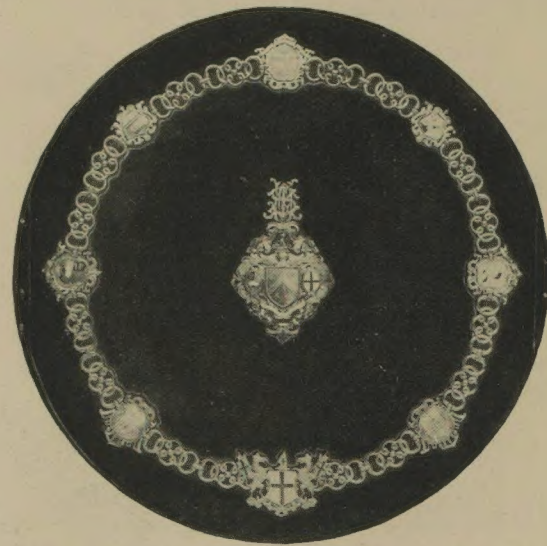
H.M.S. "Terrible" is to escort the "Renown" on its voyage to India with the Prince and Princess of Wales.

from Oct. 1 from Victoria at 11 a.m., returning from Brighton at 9 p.m.

Lantern slides showing places of interest on the London and North-Western route are again available for the purpose of illustrating lectures, evening

entertainments, etc. The slides, numbering close upon four hundred, can be obtained on application to Euston.

The annual championship of the Birmingham Rifle Club was held on Sept. 16, at the Billesley Range, King's Heath. The conditions were—seven shots at 100 yards and fourteen shots at 200 yards. E. C. Lewis (last year's winner) was again successful, only dropping one point in his twenty-one shots—104 out of a possible 105. Besides the gold medal given by the club, the



A SHRIEVAL BADGE AND CHAIN.

The badge and chain, of 18-carat gold, were presented to Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Smallman by the Burgesses of the Ward of Cheap. It was designed and manufactured by Sir John Bennett, Limited, 65, Cheapside.

winner holds the handsome silver challenge cup belonging to the Gunmakers' Association. E. Alldridge won the silver medal for runner-up, and Pike the bronze medal. E. C. Lewis also won three silver spoons during the afternoon.

Owing to the admirable promptness displayed by the Fire Brigade, the actual fire at Messrs. Oetzmann's premises on the 18th inst. was confined to the third floor of one block of buildings only, which is employed entirely for manufacturing purposes. The firm were able, therefore, to resume business as usual the next morning.

### THE POLICE DOG.

One of the most noticeable of the many fine specimens of photography which during the Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society hang upon the walls of the New Gallery, is an enlargement showing a police dog springing from a fence upon a man who is very anxious to get away. It is, of course, well known to our readers that the dog is very often used upon the Continent for the apprehension of criminals; but however interesting the picture may be as showing the dog in action, it is of greater interest when considered as the work of the camera. The exposure, in order to obtain a perfectly sharp image of these fast-moving objects, must have been of the quickest—a six-hundredth to a thousandth part of a second—and none but the fastest lens and shutter could have succeeded in obtaining the picture. The camera used was the well-known Goerz-Anschutz Folding Camera, which in the hands of amateurs and professional photographers is daily producing photographs of equal excellence. This camera is fitted with a special form of shutter giving instantaneous exposures from one-tenth of a second to one-thousandth, and, as this is placed immediately in front of the sensitive plate, so high an efficiency is secured that quite three times more light reaches the plate during a given time than is the case with any other form of shutter. The Goerz



Anschutz Shutter, in consequence of this greater efficiency, is the key-stone of successful hand-camera photography, and must of necessity be used for photographing sporting and racing subjects and objects in rapid motion, or when photographing under unfavourable weather conditions. The usefulness of the camera is, however, not confined to fast instantaneous snapshots, for the shutter is also arranged to give exposures which are automatically regulated from one-half to five seconds or longer time exposures; it is needless to point out that, if good results can be obtained with such exposures as the one-thousandth part of a second, excellent pictures will be the rule with longer exposures.

The celebrated Goerz Double Anastigmat—acknowledged by experts as the finest of modern lenses—is fitted to the camera, and gives negatives of such crispness that they can be enlarged to a considerable size without a loss of definition. All those movements essential to the hand camera are to be found in the Goerz-Anschutz Folding Camera, which is free from complications, so that the amateur can use it without difficulty, and is also most compact and extremely light in weight. Full particulars of the instrument will be found in Catalogue No. 46, which will be forwarded upon application to C. P. Goerz, 1 to 6, Holborn Circus, London, E.C., or to the London Stereoscopic Co., 106 and 108, Regent St., W., and 54, Cheapside, London, E.C.

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10/6      25/-

WRITE ENGLISH      WITH AN ENGLISH PEN

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## CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

For HEADACHE,  
For BILIOUSNESS,  
For INDIGESTION,  
For TORPID LIVER,  
For CONSTIPATION,  
For SALLOW SKIN,  
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Very small, and easy to take as sugar.      Purely Vegetable.

Genuine must have signature

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## COAL TAR SOAP

has for 40 years been acknowledged as

## THE NURSERY SOAP.



## THE SECRET OF THE PINES.

How delicious, refreshing, and invigorating is the scent of the fir-trees, and how it recalls memories of walks over heather-clad hills, with murmuring brooks, the drowsy tinkling of the sheep-fold, and the sweet peace and restfulness of repose in Nature's arms! The scent of the pines gives new strength, energy, and vigour, and everyone knows how full of healing the fragrance is for the weak, wearied, and convalescent. In "Antexema Soap," the soap that beautifies, the delicious fragrance, healing influence, invigorating power, and marvellous antiseptic properties of the pines are all combined.

Only by the use of soap can the skin be thoroughly cleansed, and thoroughly cleansed means that not only does the dirt and dust need to be removed from the surface, but the pores themselves require cleansing and opening. The dead scales of the scarf-skin require to be removed from the surface, and the fresh and beautiful skin below brought into view; but to effect this the right soap must be used, and it must be used systematically. That is why you should use "Antexema Soap," and why you should use it always.

It is really wonderful how much can be done to improve the skin, and you owe it to yourself to do everything in your power to look your best. You are sinning against your own good looks if you fail to use the one soap that is best calculated to maintain your skin beauty.

The popularity already attained by "Antexema Soap" is so great that we are anxious to introduce it to a still larger number. It only needs to be known to commend itself. It is without doubt a specially desirable soap to use because it is made of the best and the purest materials, is entirely free from excess of alkali, and is imbued with all the virtues of the pine forest, thus making it the one soap that is most appreciated by particular people.

Everyone naturally desires to look as nice as possible, but it cannot too often be repeated that however great one's natural advantages may be, they go for nothing if



"Nothing like 'Antexema Soap' for the hands."

the skin is unhealthy in appearance and the hair thin and poor. No woman is beautiful if she has not a delicately tinted complexion, free from spot or blemish, and a luxuriant growth of beautiful hair. It is not pretended that "Antexema Soap" will alter either form or features, but it is a mere statement of fact to say that it is of the greatest value in preventing blackheads, pimples, and red, rough, oily skin, and rendering it clear, pure, fresh, and healthy, and making the hair silky and glossy.

If you treat your skin with proper consideration, you will find your reward not only in improved looks, but in better health. Realise for a moment that on the surface of your skin there are no fewer than seven million pores, and every one of these seven millions has its proper work to do, and if the pores fail to do their work you can neither be healthy or look healthy. Imagine, then, how the health must inevitably suffer if hundreds of thousands of these pores are stopped up or clogged with impurity of any kind, and then you will see how exceedingly important it is to use "Antexema Soap," and so keep the pores open as Nature intended and enable them to perform their functions thoroughly.

We were recently looking at a scarce book, "The Months," by the famous essayist, Leigh Hunt, and were interested in what he said about bathing. "The most beautiful aspects under which Venus has been painted or sculptured have been connected with bathing, and, indeed, there is perhaps no one thing that so equally contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper: to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in cleaning and tinting the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages, 'the nerves,' which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner." However true this is of bathing in general, it is a hundred times more true when applied to a bath with "Antexema Soap," which thoroughly penetrates the pores and leaves the skin bright, clear, fresh, active, and healthy. If you want to experience bath luxury, you should certainly use this ideal soap for the bath.

It is well to ask this important question, "What soap do you use?" because so many people seem satisfied with a soap that merely takes off the surface dirt, but leaves it in the pores themselves, where it hinders their proper action. When using soap, why not use a soap possessing such great virtues as "Antexema Soap," which, by cleansing the pores as well as the surface, maintains skin health and beauty?

For shampooing the head you need to be very careful about the soap you use. A coarse soap with excessive alkali makes the hair dry and brittle, whilst a soap containing free fat will make the skin greasy and so attract dirt. "Antexema Soap," on the contrary, completely cleanses the scalp, makes the hair grow in a healthy fashion, and any tendency to baldness is counteracted by its use. "Antexema Soap" lathers

beautifully, and makes hard water soft, so that it is an ideal soap for a shampoo.

There is no soap equal to "Antexema Soap" for nursery purposes. It preserves the beauty and bloom



"A shampoo with 'Antexema Soap' is delightful."

of baby's dainty skin, and makes the lovely, flossy hair even more bright and exquisitely soft. Special care should be taken in the selection of soap for baby's bath, as any soap other than the best spoils the skin, injures the hair, and gives rise to chafing and skin-irritation, and makes baby miserable and fretful.

When your travelling-bag is being packed, nothing better deserves a place in it than "Antexema Soap." On the hottest day, and after the dustiest ride, the use of "Antexema Soap" will be found far more refreshing and invigorating than that of any other soap. However hard the water, "Antexema Soap" will lather perfectly, and after washing or bathing with "Antexema Soap" there will be a sense of comfort and an appearance of velvety softness of the skin which will add immeasurably to one's looks and peace of mind. When you use "Antexema Soap" you know that you are using a scientifically prepared, high-grade soap, and one that is suitable for the toilet, bath, or nursery, for washing the skin, or shampooing the hair.

"Antexema Soap" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores in tablets at 6d., or three in a box for 1s. 6d.; or a sixpenny tablet will be sent post free in a tortoiseshell soap-case, decorated with gold, if a sixpenny postal order be sent to The Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W., and *The Illustrated London News* is mentioned.

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PRIZES.—1st, a Magnificent Casket of Assorted Chocolate Confections, value £25 (a facsimile of that supplied to H.M. the Queen). 2nd, a Casket, value £10. 3rd, a Casket, value £5; to the succeeding 500, Five-Hundred Boxes of Cailler's Chocolate, value 5/- each, and thereafter to every Competitor sending in 10 wrappers to the value of 12/-, a Special Box of Chocolates.

N.B.—A Wrapper from a 1/- packet is equal to twelve 1d. packets, and so on.

Wrappers to be sent to Ellis & Co., 20 Sir Thomas Street, Liverpool, on or before 1st January, 1906.

SUPPLIED TO H.M. THE QUEEN.

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SHORTEST POSSIBLE NOTICE.

One 6d. Square makes a pint and a half of strong nutritious Soup.

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The Choicest Product of Scotland.



## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Newcastle is throwing his energies with great heartiness into the temperance work of the diocese. At a recent meeting in the Cathedral city, Dr. Lloyd made the surprising remark that the clergy look askance at temperance effort now as compared with their attitude in former days. He appealed to the clergy of the diocese to make temperance a definite and distinct part of their parish organisation, and strongly recommended personal total abstinence for every head of a parish.

The fabric of Winchester Cathedral, like that of Canterbury, requires extensive repair. The Cathedral architect has laid his report on the subsidence of the east end before the Dean and Chapter, but nothing can be done at present, except the temporary strengthening of the south wall at the east end, owing to lack of funds. The cost of this work is likely to exceed £10,000.

The late Canon John Thompson, Vicar of Hunslet, Leeds, was one of the most successful of Yorkshire

clergymen. He passed away suddenly, after an apoplectic seizure, at the close of a holiday from which he had seemed to derive much benefit. Canon Thompson will be long remembered for his efforts on behalf of education and Church Extension. St. Mary's parish, Hunslet, has a population of some thirty thousand people, mostly belonging to the working-class, and for fourteen years he had maintained all its organisations in full efficiency.

Canon Eddowes, who has passed away in his eightieth year, was one of the earliest and most persevering advocates of the free-pew system. He was a strong Ritualist, and as Vicar of St. Jude's, Bradford, did not always see eye to eye with his Bishop, though his zeal and earnestness were universally appreciated.

Bishop Gore has been reading with interest the pamphlet entitled "Brassworkers in Berlin and Birmingham," which gives the impressions of the party of English brassworkers who recently visited Germany. In two recent sermons he commented on this work. Apropos of food, the Bishop said there is no country

where more good food is wasted than in England, because our people have not the skill to prepare it rightly and to make the most of it. The artisans had noted that the food of the German working-man is much better cooked than the food which is eaten in Birmingham.

The Church Army is making careful arrangements for meeting some of the distress which is already threatened for the winter. The authorities are anxious to train 2000 men with a view to their emigration to Canada. Such a plan, as the *Record* points out, could only be realised if the Government were willing to provide the passage-money. The farm-colonies of the Army at home would supply a good training-ground for the men.

A handsome parish-hall has been opened in connection with St. Jude's Church, Swansea. It has cost £4000, and will form the basement of a new church to be erected in a fast-growing and populous neighbourhood. The Bishop of St. David's gave an interesting address at the opening.

## SOFT WHITE HANDS

IN ONE NIGHT BY THE USE OF CUTICURA SOAP AND CUTICURA OINTMENT.

Soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry, and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, the great skin cure, and purest and sweetest of emollients. Wear old gloves or bandage lightly in old, soft cotton or linen. For preserving, purifying and beautifying the hands, for removing redness, roughness and irritations, for rashes and eczemas, with shapeless nails, this treatment works wonders, frequently curing in a single night.

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FROM WHOLESALE MANUFACTURERS

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—Lancet.

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**PLASMON**  
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ALL GROCERS AND STORES.  
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Insuring against loss of Hair

Mr. Geo. R. Sims's **TATCHO POLICY**

**"TATCHO"**

Many people say that they attribute the fact that they are able to keep their berths to their being able to retain their hair in a youthful condition. Unconsciously thousands of men and women, for the want of this simple precaution, have found the first nail driven into the coffin of their business careers. Every year the cry—

**"Too Old at Forty"**

becomes more acute. When Professor Osler, who recently took the Chair as Professor of Medicine at Oxford, said that people should be chloroformed at sixty, he was not taken seriously. How true it would have been if Professor Osler had put it that we might as well be

**"Chloroformed at Forty"**

because the man is bald, or showing a tendency in that direction, or the woman grey and sparse of hair. Now there is a remedy for all this. That remedy is Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho." "Tatcho" alone will do it. By using "Tatcho" you are positively

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A touch of "Tatcho" occasionally is all that is required. "Tatcho" is not a rich man's remedy. The institution of the system by which the public are able to obtain, carriage paid, a 4/6 TRIAL BOTTLE OF "TATCHO" FOR 1/10 has brought "Tatcho" to a level with other necessities of life. The system was instituted and is being continued solely to educate the people to the value of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's discovery. Each user being a living testimony to the powers of "Tatcho," a hundred thousand users are of infinitely greater service in securing an enduring reputation, than a hundred thousand pounds spent in the orthodox methods of press publicity.

CUT OUT THIS COUPON and send with a P.O. or stamps for 1/10 to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London. By return you will receive a full-size 4/6 trial bottle of "TATCHO," Carriage Paid.

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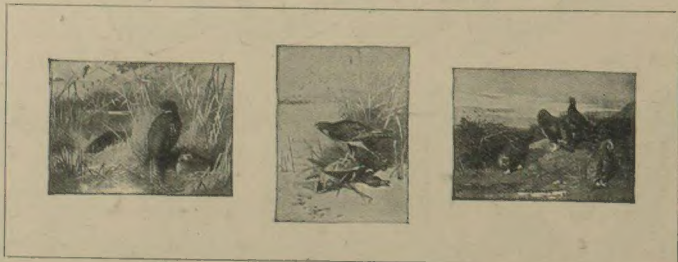
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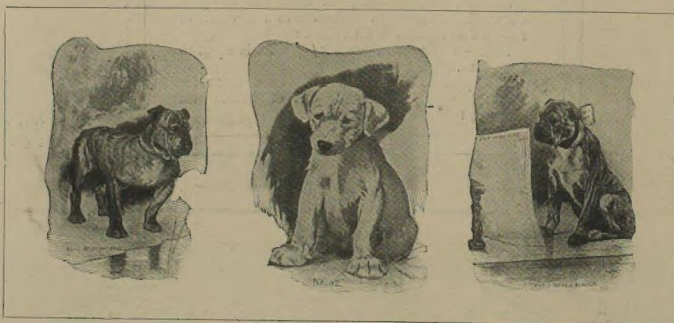
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